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THE "PLUCK CONTROVERSY."

THE educational world is still debating the murderous result of the late Oxford Middle-class Examinations. The debate is likely to last for some time, inasmuch as it is very difficult to see how the disputants can ever come to a definite issue. The question whether the standard has been fixed too high in the case of any given examination, must depend upon the object with reference to which that standard has been fixed. But in the present case it is really impossible to say what the object is. Why are the three-eighths accepted, and why are the five-eighths rejected? Because, it will be answered, the three-eighths only have had a good "middle-class" education. But what is a "good middle-class education?" Where does the notion of a good middle-class education reside? Is it in the minds of the framers of the Middle-class Examination Statute? Or is it in the minds of the Academical Legislature by whom the statute was passed? Or is it in the minds of the examiners severally, or as a board? Or is it not rather in some region of archetypal ideas, from which it is very difficult to draw it forth and embody it in such a shape as shall be satisfactory to the victims of this examinational Aeeldama? Everybody must acquiesce in the rejection of a candidate who does not come up to the reasonable standard. But a standard can only be made to appear reasonable by reference to a definite object. And if there is no definite object, that is the condemnation of the scheme. Suppose there had been an examination of navy cadets, and undue severity were complained of, the answer would be that no knowledge had been required but such as was necessary for a man who was to be entrusted with her MAJESTY'S ships, or desirable in a gentleman holding her MAJESTY'S commission. But in the case of the Middle-class Examinations the advocates of the scheme have no such answer to give, and, consequently, no rational justification for the carnage which has ensued. It is suggested that it is a good thing for everybody to go through an examination, as a sort of mental exercise. Nobody has denied that it is a good thing for boys to be examined in their school work. But this may as well be done in their own schoolroom. You may have the mental exercise of an examination without bringing together a great mass of youths and boys, and putting five-eighths of them to open shame.

It must be remembered that the standard will be perpetually shifting, and probably will be always rising. The examiners, too, will be constantly changing, and it is simply impossible that the new comers should have anything to guide them but a very vague tradition, and the principle that there must be a tolerable proportion of "plucks." That which keeps the standard steady, or at least prevents it from becoming intolerably unsteady, at the Universities, is the close connexion of the examination with a definite system of instruction in the conduct of which the examiners have been themselves engaged. It has been said that at Oxford and Cambridge, as in the case of the Middle-class examinations, the examiner is entirely unconnected with the tutor. Technically speaking this is true. But the examiners are almost always men who have been tutors, and at Oxford, in too many instances, they are actually college or private tutors at the time. They are also greatly guided and controlled by the general opinion of the place. Even so, as we have said before, the standard is by no means so stable as might be desired, and the "plucking" is a great and cruel evil. If the advocates of these Middle-class examinations wish to avoid an enormous exaggeration and expansion of that evil, they have, so far as we can see, but one resource, and that is to make their examination competitive, and to place all the candidates in order of merit, letting a low place on the list be the fate of the ill-prepared instead of absolute rejection. A definite object, a close connexion with a definite

system, and competition, are the only three things which can keep an examination standard steady. And in the absence of the two first of these regulators, recourse must be had to the last. The prospect certainly is a somewhat alarming one for those who would have to place in order of merit all the candidates from upper and middle-class schools who chose to present themselves below the age of eighteen. But if the scheme proceeds, the Universities must sink under the burthen they have imposed on themselves already.

Various facts telling against the scheme are now beginning to emerge, and to force themselves on the minds of those who still cling to it with faith. It is felt that college-fellows and tutors, however able and learned, and however impartial, having been exclusively conversant with adult pupils and with the higher subjects of education, are not specially qualified to examine schoolboys. Thereupon it is recommended that there should be a joint Board, consisting partly of the representatives of the University, and partly of representatives of the schoolmasters of England—a strange device, considering that the competency of the University to control and test the schoolmasters, and the expediency of their doing so, is the basis of the whole scheme. Then it is felt—it is only wonderful that it should not have been clearly seen from the beginning—that the way to test the efficiency of a school is to examine the school, and ascertain the general progress of the pupils, and the method of instruction; and not to examine two or three boys from it, who may not be fair samples, and whose proficiency may even have been produced by comparative neglect of the rest. The collision between these examinations and the old-established, and generally quite satisfactory, examinations in the case of the grammar schools, has also been brought to light. Parents refuse (and very wisely) to allow their children to go through two hard examinations in close succession, and the consequence is that the grammar schools are unjustly placed at a great apparent disadvantage in the eyes of the country. Then, again, it appears that differences have arisen between schoolmasters and parents on the question whether particular boys should be candidates or not. This opens a considerable prospect of danger to the authority of schoolmasters, and to their power of regulating the method of their schools, which may arise from this intrusive element. How is a schoolmaster to refuse, when desired by a parent to let a boy give up his ordinary work and cram for his A.A. degree and his certificate? And what is a schoolmaster to do with boys who are A.A.s of the University of Oxford? The bewilderment of the boy candidates, and their inability to keep pace with the examination, is also complained of, and is another proof that University examinations for boys are incongruous and absurd.

We wish we could join in the very natural and generous exultation at the attainment of the A.A. degree in some instances by youths from very humble places of education. These youths may chance to find the University a bitter patroness. They, in common with the rest of the A.A.s, are virtually disqualified for humble callings, and marked out for liberal professions, without the slightest guarantee for their having the means of maintaining themselves in their new position in life. Who are likely to be discontented and dangerous citizens if they are not? Every year, from this time, a number of poor men will be stamped by the Universities for those liberal professions which are already crowded to excess. It will be vain to say that they ought to understand their own circumstances, and sit down contentedly to unintellectual employments as they have not money to embark in those of a more intellectual kind. Their ambition will have appealed to and been sanctioned by the University; it will have been aroused to an extent corresponding to the lowliness of their position and to their want of that standard for self-measurement which the University man has in the number of equals

and superiors by whom he is surrounded, and, if unsatisfied, it may produce the worst results both to the man himself and the community. The number of men thus drawn from the lower towards the higher walks of life will be swelled, and the competition and difficulty of subsistence will be increased by the number of youths whom every competitive examination for State appointments inevitably causes to be submitted to the process of intellectual forcing. It will be well if the result of the whole system is not a "dangerous class," compared with which those to whom that name of awe is commonly applied are innocuous, and which will give work enough to the social philosophers and statesmen of the next generation. The character and motives of the eminent men who have originated and are carrying on this scheme need no praise of ours. We wish that their caution and deliberation in doing good were on a par with their generous desire to do it.

#### ALGERIA.

THE changes which have been made in the Administrative organization of Algeria are neither interesting nor intelligible to foreigners, excepting so far as they indicate a laudable desire to escape from the deadening influence of military government. Prince NAPOLEON, although he has his reputation yet to earn, may probably possess some important qualifications for the post which he now occupies. He is in the prime of life; he is said to be ambitious and able; his power of creating annoyance secures him a qualified independence; and above all, he is not, except in name, either a soldier or a general. In his late speeches at Limoges, he either expressed his real opinion or courted popularity by protesting against the centralization which results from the social condition of France, as well as from its political institutions. It seems that the suppression of the office of Governor-General in Algeria, and the increased powers which are consequently entrusted to the local authorities, are intended as an application of the same reasonable principle; and although the functions of General MACMAHON appear in substance to be Vice-regal, the recognition of the errors inherent in the present provincial system may hereafter tend to facilitate some practical improvement. The new Minister of the Colonies has every motive for promoting the prosperity of Algeria, while the successive Marshals in command have habitually looked only to the predominance of the army and to the favour of the EMPEROR. The French territory in Africa ought to have added largely to the importance of a Power which has, for two hundred years, been striving to expand its dominions by conquests over neighbouring populations as civilized as its own. Europe, which regarded with natural dislike attempts on the independence of Germany, of Italy, and of Spain, acquiesced in the enlargement of the French Empire on the Southern coasts of the Mediterranean. Foreign prejudice never assented to the doctrine that the Pyrenees had twice or thrice ceased to exist, or to the geographical paradox that the Alps and the Rhine were the natural boundary of a nation which had lost those frontiers a few years after acquiring them by conquest; but in Algeria, since the forcible extinction of the dominant Turkish power, there were no rival claimants to interfere. The French peasantry, always greedy of land, might have been expected to throng to a new district in which, at the cost of two or three days' exposure to the dreaded sea, they might "inhabit large" out of reach of aristocrats or bourgeois. Northern Africa differs far less from the South of France, whether in climate or in productions, than Canada or Australia differs from Great Britain; yet, in the interval which has elapsed since BOURMONT's expedition, all the great English colonies have either come into existence, or have attained the wealth and population which mark out Victoria, New South Wales, New Zealand, Canada, and the Cape as the seats of future empires. Even Ceylon, with its tropical climate and its remote position, is richer and more flourishing than Algeria; while the scale of the Indian wars which have been carried on in the memory of the present generation throws into the shade all the African campaigns against an enemy without fortresses or artillery.

Nevertheless it is possible that the proximity of Africa to France may ultimately counterbalance all the disadvantages of an erroneous system and of the unenterprising character of the population. The enormous Empire which recognises the supremacy of the English Crown adds little or nothing to the available strength of the mother country. India offers an unequalled field for the performance of duty and

for the attainment of glory; but it contributes nothing to the Exchequer, and it forms a drain on our military population. The great English settlements which are spread over the map of the world would continue to produce and to purchase if they became as independent as the United States of America. The fine regiment which lately arrived from Canada might have been raised more cheaply at home, and the gold importations from Sydney and Melbourne flow to London as to the metropolis of commerce, and not because it is the seat of the Imperial Government. The elements of English strength and prosperity must always resolve themselves ultimately into the numbers, the vigour, the wealth, and the union of the population of the United Kingdom. The British Islands admit of no conceivable union with any neighbouring territory. France, on the other hand, if it knows how to profit by its position, may find room for almost indefinite expansion in its African Province. The remotest parts of the colony are nearer to Paris than San Francisco, or even than Galveston, is to Boston or New York; and there is abundant room for an immigrant population capable of developing the natural resources of the country. It is even possible that the native population may, to a certain extent, be amalgamated with the conquering race. Frenchmen, as well as Spaniards, are comparatively exempt from the haughty aversion which settlers of English origin have always shown for aliens in blood and in colour; and the favourite regiments of their army have borrowed a name and a costume from the indigenous Zouaves who were originally enrolled in the same ranks.

Prince NAPOLEON, in his report to the EMPEROR, suggests the expediency of detaching the Arabs and Kabyles from the influence of their native chiefs, by substituting individual rights and duties for the collective responsibility of the tribes; and it is unlikely that either the Colonial Minister or his military subordinates will endanger the allegiance of the subject population by any unseasonable display of proselytising enthusiasm. The French Ultramontanes declared, at the outset of the Indian mutiny, that heathenism in the East would long since have yielded to the orthodox zeal of Catholic rulers, but the Marshals who have ruled in Algeria may possibly have remembered that NAPOLEON professed himself a Mussulman at Cairo. Some years ago, no less a writer than MICHELET gravely recommended the adoption of a similar course for the purpose of conciliating the good-will of the native tribes in Africa. "We misunderstand," he said, "the genius of these nations, and we make no effort to dispel the mutual misconception. Ils ont avoué l'autre jour qu'ils ne combattaient contre nous que parce qu'ils nous croyaient ennemis de leur religion, qui est l'unité de Dieu; ils ignoraient que la France, et presque toute l'Europe, eussent secoué les croyances idolâtriques qui pendant le moyen âge ont obscurci l'unité. Bonaparte le leur dit au Caire; qui le redira maintenant?" There is no reason why France should not be strictly orthodox at home and zealously Christian in Turkey, but if the Kabyles can be gratified by the assertion that their conquerors repudiate "medieval idolatry," assurances of a quasi-Mahometan Unitarianism will probably not be wanting. The only real advantage, however, which France can derive from Algeria must consist in the spread of colonization. The barbarism of centuries has left room and opportunity for the introduction of a new population from Europe, and already there are cafés, and prefects, and barracks, which may enable a moderately adventurous Frenchman to feel himself at home in Africa. The colony can never detach itself from the mother country, and in time it may be incorporated under the home administration as conveniently as Corsica. If the undertaking prospers, the native tribes will be compelled gradually either to conform to French habits, or to seek in other parts of the Continent for more convenient habitations.

#### THE RESIDUE OF THE INDIAN WAR.

A MAN must have reflected little on the nature of war who does not perceive that the conflict in India, in the form it has now assumed, has an entirely exceptional character. The peculiarity of the struggle is that moral effects are wholly banished from it, and the result is that most of the ordinary terms of warfare give either a false or a very partial idea of the posture of affairs between the combatants. We read and congratulate ourselves on the checks, repulses, and defeats of the enemy, but, except so far as these incidents have prevented him from obtaining a positive advantage over ourselves, they are barren of the fruits which under



more usual circumstances we should have the right of expecting from them. The value of the victories of ordinary war is not in fact the least represented by the number of the enemy's killed and wounded, by the prisoners taken, or by the cannon captured. The true advantage consists in the lesson given to the defeated combatant, in the light thrown on the relative strength of the belligerents, and, consequently, in the increased chances of an honourable peace. But, by choosing to accept from the Sepoys their own barbarous version of the conflict, and determining to treat it as a *Bellum Inexpiable*, we have simply annulled, to our own heavy disadvantage, the moral consequences of military success. The fruits of our triumphs are confined to the men we kill, the men we hang, and the guns we spike. It is true that the Sepoys and irregular Zemindaree soldiers, who now swarm over India in desultory bands, are sometimes absurdly asserted by the Indian press to be demoralized by their reverses. But how can a man suffer demoralization who has now for five or six months been simply trying to save his life as long as possible? A defeat simply teaches him to keep further out of reach of the Enfield rifle next time, and thus merely prolongs that task of extirpating our enemy which we appear to have prescribed to ourselves. The hopes of the country seem to be set on Lord CLYDE and the cold weather, but, unless some change take place in our policy, it will take many cold seasons and many lives of many Commanders-in-Chief to destroy man by man those untold thousands of desperate fugitives who are roving over the vast expanse of India.

It may be said that the rope and the cannon's mouth are not necessarily the doom of these unhappy men should they choose to surrender themselves. We are afraid, however, to say what reasons for thinking otherwise our actual practice has given to the revolters. And even as regards the Government, the rules for the treatment of prisoners which have been timidly issued are not set forth with the clearness and precision which might be expected to reassure a hesitating rebel. But, in truth, it is of little consequence what are the intentions of the British authorities, civil or military. The real question is, what do the revolters themselves believe as to the treatment reserved for them. It is most certain that they expect nothing but instant death. Several of our people, who have been brought in disguised by friendly natives, have heard their protectors warned over and over again on the road, that to approach an English station or encampment was certain destruction. Nor is it difficult to make out the sources of this impression. The fate of our prisoners has been such as to suggest it, and the gentler principles of treatment which have been, from time to time, announced on paper, have probably not come home to more than a few thousand persons in all India. Mr. WILLIAM RUSSELL's excellent letters in the *Times* tell exactly this story. He assures us that the great ELLENBOROUGH debate in the House of Commons was completely beside the mark, for the simple reason that hardly a soul outside Lucknow read either Lord CANNING's Proclamation or Lord ELLENBOROUGH's commentary. It is clear, in short, that, unless Lord CLYDE has root-and-branch work to execute, terms of some sort must not only be offered to the enemy, but by some means or other brought to his knowledge. As to the nature of the terms, we of course say nothing; but it is at all events imperatively necessary that they should be plain, simple, and intelligible. The next step will be to bring them home to the wandering companies of rebels and mutineers. This may be a difficult matter on the whole, but one part of the process is at least easy enough—the adoption by our armies in the field of a course in harmony with the intentions of the supreme civil power.

We put all sentimentalism aside, and point merely to considerations of the plainest expediency. The country is not, we presume, prepared for the expense, the suffering, and the public scandal of a seven years' gallows-war. There is, however, no sort of alternative to it except a policy which may approximate the contest in India to an ordinary conflict of arms. Everybody, we may be sure, feels this on the spot in India. Even the ghouls of Calcutta are unwillingly conscious that a compromise with the black men is near at hand, and, fearful that their supply of carcase-meat may be stopped, they are doing their utmost to keep up that irritation of English sensibilities which has hitherto plentifully filled their larder. The disgust of these gentlemen at what they feel to be inevitable accounts for a sudden influx of mutilation stories, new and old, from Calcutta. Not that the late additions to the stock do the raw-head-and-bloody-bones party any extraordinary credit. The new tales are either extravagantly anonymous, or else prove the exact contrary of what is intended.

The old ones are so very old as to be amusing in spite of their atrocity. It is particularly ludicrous to observe the rejuvenescence of Dr. DUFF's *gobemoucherie*. Dr. DUFF, the well-known Presbyterian missionary, published in England a series of letters from Calcutta, containing a number of mutilation anecdotes picked up, and perhaps originally narrated in good faith, during the awful summer and autumn of 1857. These stories—and we agree with Mr. LAYARD that the fact is far from honourable—he has not withdrawn from the later editions of his book. The volume goes out to India, is eulogistically noticed by the Indian newspapers, and, in this very week, articles from the *Friend of India*, praising Dr. DUFF and quoting his old Calcutta figments, have actually been adduced by the English press as new and weighty evidence of the Sepoy atrocities. But all these mean and sanguinary machinations are, we firmly believe, utterly without effect. There is perhaps a small religious minority in favour of treating the Hindoos like the Canaanites; but the immense preponderance of English opinion is in favour of terminating the war by a settlement embodying that regard for human life which is the most refined result of civilization. The difficulty is to get the high authorities in India to read aright the lesson of the CANNING and ELLENBOROUGH debate. The small society which envelops them turns with such fury on the mildest display of gentleness that they can scarcely believe the whole nation at home to be wondering why clemency is not carried many steps further.

#### THE TREATIES WITH CHINA.

THE success of the American Government in profiting by the English operations in China, is either amusing or irritating, according to the temper in which it is regarded. No proprietor would feel unmixed satisfaction in discovering that a costly drain of his own had doubled the value of his neighbour's field; but prudent men submit in silence to the sharp practice which keeps within the letter of the law. If Lord ELGIN feels little admiration for the smartness of his Republican colleague, he may nevertheless remember that in demanding for his own country the privileges of the most favoured nation, Mr. REID is only carrying into effect the deliberate object of all English policy in China. The most important function of modern diplomacy and statesmanship is to keep the largest possible portion of the world still open to commercial enterprise, and it is for this reason that it becomes the duty of England to retain her vast colonies, and to protect many half-civilized States from the danger of absorption. If France and Russia should, at any future period, adopt sound principles of political economy, they will remove one great objection to the extension of their dominions; but, under present circumstances, Englishmen entertain a natural preference for Governments which have not learned to administer, with consistent severity, the Continental system of protective duties, passports, and quarantine. In former times, colonies were valued as necessary customers of the mother country, and even on the eve of their separation, the thirteen Provinces of North America admitted the right of Parliament to make regulations for their trade; but the wider extent of English empire now provides security that a sixth part of mankind shall not shut themselves up in selfish isolation. The new Chinese treaties will involve a verbal and legal guarantee for the extension of similar relations to another quarter of the human species; and the Americans, by insisting that the commerce which is opened to all shall be peculiarly free to themselves, preclude themselves from questioning the rights which have been extorted by England, with the assistance of France.

The territorial aggressions of Russia on the North-western frontier of China, and the probable rivalry of the different Missions of Peking, may henceforth be contemplated with comparative indifference. The stipulations of Tien-Sin will, according to the legal phrase, naturally "run with the land," and it will not be competent for any new Government in China to repudiate the obligations which have been assumed by the present EMPEROR. Still, it is highly probable that native officials will long succeed in harassing traders, by vexatious infringements of the Treaty; but in the absence of hostile interference on the part of foreign States, England will always be able to procure satisfaction, sooner or later, from the Government of Peking. The Chinese themselves would probably have preferred the concession of exclusive privileges to one or more of their unwelcome visitors, although they seem fully to have appreciated the generous efforts of the American Minister to counteract the success of Lord ELGIN's negotiations.

The Mandarins are quite cunning enough to understand the jealousy and disunion which would be occasioned if some of the Western Powers had secured a legal monopoly of intercourse with China, and it was evident that the French squadron would not have appeared in the Peiho, if the POTTINGER treaty had opened the five ports only for the admission of English commerce. A policy equally prudent and liberal has made it impossible for any foreign Power to establish exceptional rights of trading. The three other contracting Governments have virtually guaranteed us against the claims which any one of the number might otherwise have attempted to establish, while England is only prohibited from the acquisition of privileges which would be inconsistent with her own deliberate and permanent policy. The inconvenience of joint action by independent Powers has been felt on many occasions, and especially in the Crimean war; and in the settlement of political relations depending on trifling circumstances and interests, it is generally desirable to abstain from embarrassing engagements; but in China all the plenipotentiaries, whatever might be their views and pretensions, necessarily promoted the objects of English policy by their separate demands, and even by their presence.

The supposed acquisition of territory by Russia on the Northern frontier requires further explanation, though it is highly probable that in any diplomatic transaction the stronger Power would gain the advantage. From some of the accounts it would seem that an exchange of territory has taken place, probably for the purpose of facilitating Russian navigation on the Amoor, but it also appears that, at some points, the Chinese boundary line is now removed to a farther distance from Peking. It is obviously impossible for any European Power to interfere with effect in obscure territorial arrangements in inland regions which are still imperfectly delineated in the maps. It is not by wresting a district or a river from China, but by establishing an overwhelming influence at Peking, that Russia could really come into collision with English interests in Eastern Asia. There is reason to believe that the obstacles to intercourse on the land frontier are at least as serious as the impediments to maritime commerce, and it is remarkable that scarcely any attempt has been made to organize a trade at the points where the Chinese territories are contiguous with English possessions or dependencies. If Russian politicians were inured to public discussions they would probably express a plausible jealousy of the encroachments attributed to England at different points on the coast.

There is nothing alarming in the hostile demonstrations at Canton, especially as they were probably intended by their promoters to influence the negotiations at Tien-Sin. The local population, though it is said to be the most ferocious and insubordinate in China, has never exhibited any disposition to reject foreign intercourse, except under the immediate suggestion of interested officials. The merchants who have acquired large fortunes in the European trade will necessarily desire the continuance or renewal of the customary operations of commerce, and it cannot be supposed that the armed rabble which surrounds the city can, in the meantime, menace the garrison with any serious danger. The difficulty of changing the established course of trade will probably continue to secure to Canton its commercial pre-eminence, but, in the most unfavourable result, silk and tea may be bought and English manufactures may be sold at other markets. The experience of the former peace may, perhaps, secure manufacturers and merchants against a repetition of their former error in anticipating an enormous demand for English commodities; but it may reasonably be hoped that, with the removal of some former restrictions, the trade may gradually and permanently increase. The system of political exclusiveness maintained by the authorities, without any active sympathy on the part of the nation, may probably be found less obstinate than the demand for commercial protection which still overrules the more enlightened judgment of nearly all European Governments.

#### THE WRATH OF THE SQUIRES.

THE remarks we made on the duties of squires a short time ago were, it seems, "exceedingly offensive and reprehensible," and it was a "happy thing that they would not meet the eyes of those who would imbibe any bad ideas from them." We are sorry to find ourselves so revolutionary. But we have the consolation of knowing that our remarks were by no means unacceptable to squires who do their duty, and who wish, for the honour and interest of

their class, that other squires should be taught to do theirs. Nor, in general, are the squires of the present generation at all indisposed to accept the compliment to themselves implied in the censure of the last generation. Each age sees the hump on the back of its predecessor. The ancestors of our present squirearchy were disgraced by much coarser vices, and in many other essential respects were much worse than their descendants; but they lived more among their people. The ties of landlord and tenant, master and servant, rich and poor, were, on the whole, more kindly, though, as we thankfully admit, much less was done by the richer classes in the aggregate for the benefit of the poor. An age with extraordinary facilities of locomotion, when all the pleasures of the earth are thrown open to a wealthy man, wherever his residence may be, has peculiar temptations of its own. We are grateful for the improvement which has taken place since Squire Western, but that is no reason why we should not try to cure the evils of our own day. We can assure our kind critics that we do not mean to hint at universal rapine when we say that the small freehold system has attractions for the mass of the people which the chiefs of society under the opposite system must endeavour to counteract by making the benefit of their system felt. The small freeholders of France, of Belgium, of Switzerland, and of the Northern States of America, the Metayers of Tuscany, even the "Statesmen" of Cumberland, may be very objectionable to Squirearchical eyes, but they are not "thieves." We have in Europe two systems of tenure, with corresponding systems of society, in presence of each other, and the comparative advantages of each system to the mass of those who live under it ought to determine, and will determine, which shall in the end prevail. In our humble opinion the evidence at present is in favour of large estates, where the landlords are resident, intelligent, and kind; where they are not, it is the reverse.

We are told that the relations between the landlord on the one hand, and his tenants and the peasantry on the other, are mainly commercial. The organs of squirearchy are beginning to take a severely economical line. Of course the whole framework of society is in a certain sense mainly commercial. But to these commercial relations are super-added, when society is in a sound state, relations of a higher kind, for the sake of which, and not of the mere commercial relations, human society itself would appear to have been made. There is nothing in the mere commercial bond between man and man superior to the instinct which leads beasts to pasture in common. The intercourse between classes, and the duties and offices which it involves, are not to be set aside with impunity; nor can this intercourse be carried on, or these duties and offices fulfilled by post from London or Paris. The conscientious practice of the more high-minded among the landed gentry leaves no doubt as to their conviction on this point. It is as difficult to enumerate all the channels through which the presence and social activity of a beneficent landlord improves the condition of the people and influences them for good, as it would be to trace the lines of colour in shot-silk. But compare parishes differently circumstanced in this respect, and you will be at no loss as to the practical result. We are told that charity flows from large masses of accumulated property wherever they may be held. Charity, no doubt, may always flow from wealth; but it is much less likely to flow when the rich man, isolated in the luxury of his house in town, sees nothing of the sufferings of the poor. Charity, however, is the least part of the matter. A parish is a nation in miniature. Take the personal influence of the upper classes from a nation, and what would it be? Would the upper classes of England be well replaced by a mass of property accumulated in some other country, and liable only to taxes and charitable contributions in ours? The Legislature itself has already recognised a different view of the question. The wealth derived from the land of Ireland was accumulated in the hands of mortgagees. But the Legislature was not content with this. It passed an Act, at the suggestion of one of the most rigid and even pedantic of all economists, which had for its object the restoration of a responsible and resident proprietary, and which has been the salvation of the country. Apologists of the squires allow that "a benevolent and intelligent landlord, who resides on his property all the year, or but a part, may prove more or less useful." Save us from panegyrists who tell us that it is possible we may not be quite a burden to the earth. Ask any country clergyman whether there is or is not an advantage in having a good resident squire. Ask him



whether it is of use to him, in his efforts to improve and relieve the people, to be supported by the co-operation and sympathy of the most influential man in the parish. Ask him whether, when there is a case of misery to be relieved, or a good object to be promoted, he finds it the same thing to appeal to the feelings of a kind eye-witness or to those of a distant absentee. Ask him whether he would rather have the squire's wife and daughters helping him about the parish, or sending him their subscriptions from Belgrave-square. Ask him whether the morals of the poor are or are not influenced by the state of their dwellings, and whether the state of their dwellings does or does not depend upon the character of the landlord, and the interest taken by him in the people. Ask the clergyman whether he would as soon have his labouring poor left entirely to the tender mercies of the farmer, especially now that even the farmers and the farmers' wives have become gentlemen and ladies, and instead of living with their farm-servants as they used to do, keep the labourer at arm's-length from their mock gentility. It is difficult to imagine a more iron lot than that of the British labourer, if the farmer is to be screwed to the uttermost by the landlord, and the labourer by the farmer, and the lowest grade in this hierarchy of screwing is never to be brought into any but commercial contact, and that indirectly, with the highest. It is vain to say that political economy sanctions such an arrangement. Political economy has nothing whatever to do with social duty, and cannot possibly sanction any breach of its laws. Happily, a very different theory prevails with a great number of the English gentry, and the result is a very different state of things among a large proportion of the English poor.

We should be very sorry to ignore what is being done; but evil is at work also—evil against which those who desire the stability of our present social system are deeply concerned to guard. The indignant apologists of the Squirearchy need not suppose that we are speaking as their enemies in this matter, though we may not have the good fortune to be so soft spoken as they may desire. We speak in the deliberate conviction that, on the whole, and as far as present experience goes, the English system of rural society is the best; and we only wish to inculcate the observance of those duties in which its excellence mainly consists, and on which its ultimate stability must depend. We are not the enemies of the institution or of the class. Nor do we conceive we are the enemies of the individual squire, when we urge him to exchange a life of torpor or frivolity for one of active exertion in the performance of social duty. Labour is the universal lot of man; and no man can withdraw himself from that universal lot without some loss of dignity and happiness. The labour may be that of the hands or of the head; it may be compulsory or self-imposed; but labour there must be, or life will not be sweet, or, if it is sweet at the beginning, it will not be sweet to the end. The conscientious, kind, and active squire enjoys, we believe, in an English manor-house as happy an existence as was ever given to man. But on the other hand we suspect that the possessors of those same manor-houses, when wanting in conscientiousness, kindness, and activity, often find that, bitter as is the bread of exile, and bitter as is the bread of dependence, and bitter as is the bread which the peasant too often eats amidst a half-starved family and without resources for the morrow, it is yet not so bitter as the bread that is eaten in the sweat of another man's brow.

#### THE FUTURE OF STUPIDITY.

WHAT is to become of the Stupid Men in the next generation? In the present distribution of the good things of this world they have at least their proportion, and there are some who think that out of the abundance of the earth the rosy-cheeked apples always fall to the stupid men's share. There has been hitherto a tacit assumption everywhere that, in all situations of life, the stupid have the better of the clever. If you wish to make yourself agreeable in a given position—say in a railway carriage, at a dinner-table, or amid a political assembly—do you begin by assuming that your companions are clever men? Not a bit of it. You take it for granted that they are stupid, and pitch the tone of your remarks accordingly. When a preacher thinks more of his audience than of his composition, does he not preach straight at the stupid? When a journalist has an object genuinely at heart, and cares less than usually for showing what a heap of things he knows, and at what an awful distance from his subject he can place the beginning of his

article, does he not write, like the country gentleman in *Locksley Hall*, "to the purpose, 'easy things to understand!'" Has not everything which is distinctively characteristic of English habits, English enthusiasms, and English panics something more than a touch of stupidity in it? It is the stupid who believe in Lord PALMERSTON's spirit and Lord DERBY's chivalry. It is the stupid who confess, are confessed, and feel alarmed about confession. It is the stupid who execrate red-tape while they advocate responsible ministerialism. A superficial observer, looking no farther than the passing hour, would believe that England worshipped an Ass, as the Templars were said to do.

Yet all this shall pass away. Lord ST. LEONARDS' *Handy Book*, in a pathetic passage, describes Mr. GLADSTONE's Succession Act as falling like a blight on the fair face of Property. So the Examination system may be depicted as falling like a blight on the fat face of Stupidity. It was at Oxford and Cambridge that the disease began which has since spread over England, and afflicted every variety of the Human Vegetable. In its original form it was little noticed, and considered simple and natural. The Universities, having undertaken to educate part of the youth of the country, were accustomed to test the result by an examination; but they never dreamed of warranting that the men whom they honoured were statesmen or warriors, and that the men whom they plucked were nincompoops. However, a morbid variety of this system suddenly showed itself in London, and proved to be endowed with a terrible infectiousness. Boards and Commissions were established, who examined youths whom they had not educated, and then guaranteed their fitness or unfitness for every human pursuit and calling. First the Indian Civil Service was attacked. Then the contagion crept to the Civil Service at home. A brief interval elapsed and the Army was invaded. And now, in the course of the last few weeks, the fell pestilence has made a sudden leap and buried itself in the very entrails of English society. The great middle class—the bulwark, the fortress, the continuing city of British Stupidity—has been invaded, and finds itself suddenly divided into a small minority of prizemen and an immense majority of plucks. Youths who, six months ago, looked forward with well-founded confidence to the post of drapers' assistant, and had even dreamed of living to be vestrymen of their parish, have had their fond hopes dashed and their career destroyed at the outset. A happier aspirant, with the certificate of A.A. in his pocket, has stepped proudly behind the counter, and the rejected candidate turns away in bitter despair, thinking he would certainly enlist if he were sure there was no entrance examination, and wondering whether there is any competitive test for the post of footman under a butler in a gentleman's family.

In the next generation this system will be in full play. What then is to become of the Stupid Men? The question is a dreadful one for parents and guardians. If a boy under twelve develops a "healthy animalism," the best thing that can be done with him is to put him quietly out of the way—like the weakly babies of PLATO's ideal community. Any taste which calls him off from his books is as bad as scrofula. A fondness for hardbake is dangerous, but a passion for pony equitation is nearly fatal. In such cases, the strongest remedies of the intellectual pharmacopoeia must be applied, and everything sacrificed to the great object of bringing the patient to decimals by eight, and to longs and shorts by nine and a half at the latest. For let fathers of families remember that there is no saying how soon the first trial may come. The foundation at Eton is henceforward, we believe, to be competed for by candidates of the mature age of ten and three quarters. Even if the decisive epoch be postponed, let the anxious parent keep constantly in view the consequences of ultimate failure. We talk of caste in India, but thirty years hence there will be no such Pariah as the plucked man in England. The Brahminical string of that day will be the possession of universal knowledge in one's twentieth year. Underneath there will be various castes of second, third, and fourth-class men; but, at the bottom of all, will be the uncertificated outcast, with whom no living creature will cook accounts, or eat the bread of Government. Heaven knows what sort of worship the first-class men will institute for their own honour and the perpetuation of their ascendancy! It may be that our children will bow down before a sensuous Triad of College Dons, representing the sister Faculties of Law, Physic, and Divinity. Or, perhaps, a more subtle creed, like that of Buddha, will command their reverence for the deified Leading Articles, and the orthodox

symbol will be one which defines the transcendental attributes of the "We-in-and-for-Ourselves." Whence will come the deliverance from this cruel tyranny? In those days we shall be ruled by a French Governor-General, and missionaries, men not ashamed of their crassitude, will come across the Channel to persuade us of the natural rights of dulness. There will be dreadful stories current in Paris about the timidity of the Government. It will be asserted that a man in an English public office once dared to confess he thought himself stupid, and that his French superiors meanly dismissed him out of deference to the prejudices of his companions. Some day, compassion for our superstitions will be carried a little too far, and we shall rebel against the abolition of the class-list. But our chances will not be great. The muscles are, after all, with the stupid men, and who knows that they will not join the French in cutting the throats of the Brahmins?

#### REFORMATORY SCHOOLS.

REFORMATORY Schools may now be considered part of our social system. Three years' encouragement has produced forty of these institutions, and the supply seems to have attained its culminating point. In August, 1854, the first Reformatory was certified, and before the close of the year six more were at work. In 1855 ten were certified, in 1856 seventeen, and during the past year ten more were established. These facts we gather from the first report of the Inspector, Mr. SYDNEY TURNER, a clergyman favourably known from his connexion with the Red Hill Farm School, into which the old Philanthropic Asylum in the Borough-road merged. This gentleman seems to consider it too early as yet to judge of the effects of these expensive institutions; and we are therefore driven into a survey of their principles rather than of their results. He assures us, however—though obviously his testimony must be taken with some grains of salt—that "no movement has been characterized by a greater mixture of earnestness of purpose and practical good sense and discretion." While subscribing to the existence of the former, we hesitate before coinciding in the latter part of this sanguine view.

The first and simplest object of good sense is to have a conviction and a principle. Reformatories, when organized and worked by a single head, for an especial purpose, and under fixed and definite principles, may be a success. They reflect and embody individual minds, and a clear, sharp conviction. Such is the institution at Mettray; such would be Miss CARPENTER'S institution when under Miss CARPENTER'S care; such too, let us add, would be, and was, Red Hill under Mr. TURNER'S management. But the price which must be paid for these institutions, when they become part of the State machinery, is nothing less than their reality and their representative character. It is the tendency of all establishments to become compromises, and they lose in earnestness and vigour whenever they don the Windsor uniform. Nationality is purchased at the cost of aggressiveness. It requires the spur of sectarian or denominational interest to make a good school; and unless Reformatories embody and represent something more stirring and personally interesting than the abstract truism that work is better than idleness, we doubt of their telling either on the reformers or the reformed.

Experience of the difficulties of the educational question is entirely against a school of sheer and necessary indifference, or of mere worldly wisdom. The consent of all friends of practical education being in favour of denominational schools, with all their drawbacks, we argue against Reformatories because, in all the higher aspects, they are what everybody agrees that all other primary schools must not be in England. We are far from saying that State schools can be other than colourless in religious, perhaps in moral matters; but our complaint is that Reformatories are State schools, and therefore colourless. To be of any use, they should embody some very strict, and definite, and overpowering personal conviction. This, as Government institutions, they cannot do, and the result must be either an unstarched, flaccid prison, or an irreligious school. Mr. TURNER probably thinks he has secured himself against this difficulty by diverting to the fact, which he thinks proper to couch in phraseology of an unctuous character, that the best teachers have all gone through the technical process of evangelical conversion. He refers to the "intelligent Christians with considerable individual experience, who believe the Bible as well as teach it." The antithesis is unpleasant, and has a nasty smack of Pharisaism; but if

the teachers are, as this language would seem to hint, Evangelical propagandists, this we take it is making Reformatories just that which, as State institutions, they were not meant to be. Anyhow, we regret that the Government Inspector has offered this premium to canting phraseology, and that he exhibits a bias which it is undesirable to impress on the masters of those institutions.

Already, as we conceive, the absence of a religious conviction in the State Reformatories is telling against them. Those now existing contain hardly 1900 inmates, and not less than 500 of these are in the Roman Catholic Reformatories. Of course, the Romanists have taken especial care that their religious teaching should be entirely unfettered. The result is, that they are working these institutions, at State cost, either as denominational or proselytizing schools. We will not take the statistics in their first aspect—that little Papists constitute one-third of our juvenile thieves. Such, we are certain, is not the truth. The proportion of 508 to 1866 can only represent the fact, that it wants sectarian energy to make Reformatories work well. This is the secret of the enormous proportion which Roman Catholic children bear to the aggregate inmates of Reformatories; or, if it is not, the Romanist authorities must use the Act for a purpose for which it was never intended. It is remarkable that while, in 1857, the "Protestant" inmates have only risen from 921 to 1258, the Roman Catholics have advanced, in this single year, from 251 to 508. The race is a hollow one between the sharp, active, definite and exclusive religionism of the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, or the St. Bernard's Abbey Monks, and the vague, unattached Protestantism of Mr. TURNER'S ideal instructors of "considerable individual experience."

Nor are we more able, by studying this Report, to arrive at the idea of a Reformatory. A sectional or denominational school it is not—neither is it a prison. If it is only a corrective and didactic prison, a prison itself, as now conducted, is already this. A Reformatory, then, is a prison minus its punitive element; and, at the same time, it is a school truncated of its religious motive. That is to say, it combines the two by omitting the characteristics of both. Brandy and water, in which there is no alcohol and a bad pump, is but a vapid beverage. There seems to be no reason whatever why a Reformatory should not be a special department of a county prison; and the argument urged against this—that juvenile offenders should not, for the name of the thing, be sent to prison—is equally good against disgracing any offender by sending him to gaol. We are not so far advanced in philanthropy as to think that either society or offenders against it gain by affecting to forget that punishment is a duty as well as a necessity. Mr. TURNER is of opinion that he has carefully guarded against the danger of making Reformatories attractive to parents, by the clause which renders them liable to defray some portion of the expense to which the country is put for the juvenile inmates. But in Scotland, this provision is a dead letter; and in England, the expense and trouble of enforcing these payments is so great, that it is acknowledged that the principle, at present, is neither generally nor effectually enforced. It seems that the committing magistrates are not required to assess the parents when they sentence the child; and special agents are appointed to collect what little—some 300*l.* a year—is got out of the former.

But in truth we are only at the threshold of the difficulty when a boy or girl enters a Reformatory. Mr. TURNER seems to think that our duties are not complete unless we have "permanently separated the young offender from old haunts and associations till the age of manhood;" and emigration is distinctly hinted at. In other words, the advocates of Reformatories propose that, in the case of every boy who steals a pound of bacon, we should educate, feed, and clothe him till the age of manhood—give him the best of industrial and practical training, together with some intellectual reading, writing, ciphering, and the elements of economic science, and then, at the public expense, provide him with a free passage to Australia. "No special limits," we are assured, "are assigned by the Act to the amounts that may be contributed from the rates for the care and maintenance of the inmates of Reformatories;" and therefore Mr. TURNER anticipates the good time when the expenses of emigration may be made part of the ordinary cost of these institutions; and yet we are asked to believe that neither in the case of parents nor children is it possible that Reformatories should ever be attractive. Most certain it is, however, that if these are to be the rewards of picking and stealing, the very worst



policy which a father can adopt is to bring up his family in honesty and sobriety. It is small wonder that there is no chaplain in the Reformatory, since its practical catechism must run—My duty to my neighbour is to steal his handkerchief, and so provide for myself for life.

#### HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CRITICS whose opinion is not to be disregarded have pronounced the whole of historical romance to be a delusion and a snare, a trifling with truth, a means of confusing history, and a disgraceful concession to the languid indolence which insists on deriving amusement even from the most serious subjects. How absurd it is, they urge, to write in a book that a great sovereign or hero said and did what both the reader and the writer know perfectly well was never said or done. It is even worse than absurd, for the mere hasty notion which the novelist chooses to form of a historical personage is substituted for the character which historical research would disclose. The argument would be a good one if historical truth had such a character to disclose—if, as a general rule, history had anything more to offer than a series of fragments and rough hints, which we may piece together as we please, or ask a historian to piece together for us. The man who did the things we find recorded, who wrote the letters we read, and who made the speeches we study, is a problem to us which, after all we have read, we must solve. To solve it so that, to ourselves and others, the solution shall be satisfactory, and account for all it ought to embrace, is the prerogative of historical genius. That the solution is true we cannot know; but if it is good, coherent in itself, and seemingly adequate, we accept it as probable. But this is as true of the characters of contemporaries as of men who lived long ago. It is not often that the author of a biography takes the trouble to shape for himself and others a distinct and comprehensive outline of the person whose life he narrates. But when he does so, we can only think it likely to be true. We presume that few people would question that Mr. Carlyle's *Life of Sterling* is by far the best biography of a contemporary which this generation has seen. Is the *Sterling* of that biography the real *Sterling*? We cannot decide this absolutely by reading *Sterling's* letters and examining *Sterling's* conduct. We must take into account the degree of completeness with which the indications given in *Sterling's* writings and acts are made into a possible and probable whole. A writer who possesses the creative faculty is sure of making a whole of some sort. So far, and it is a long way, he may be confidently reckoned on to advance towards truth. In Mr. Carlyle's *Sterling* we have a possible human being, while in Archdeacon Hare's *Sterling* we have the palest semi-orthodox shadow. But that the human being whose character Mr. Carlyle has created really existed is not a proveable fact, but only a great probability.

History, in truth, if it is to be worth much, has only two things to offer us. It must either sketch the action of the general laws which govern society and the individuals of whom society is composed, or it must bring before us as individuals, as fully and in as lifelike a manner as possible, certain persons who either are typical of different stages of the past, and of different directions of the human mind, or who acted largely, from one cause or other, on their generation. The author who merely puts together the actions, and who gives extracts from the written or spoken words of the person whose career he narrates, is only the pioneer of the true historian. Mr. Froude, for instance, has written the history of Henry VIII., but he avowedly retires from the task of saying what Henry VIII. was like. There is no Henry VIII. in the *Henry VIII.* of Mr. Froude. "The papers written, and some of the actions done, by Henry VIII. convince me," the author virtually says, "that, somehow, this prince was a great and good man, but certainly some of his actions are rather hard to account for, and I leave it to my readers to make what they like of the puzzle." That is, the historian retreats from the field which historical romance professes to occupy; and while the result of historical workmanship is everything, the machinery is immaterial. Do we get the right impression? Is the general effect as near an approach to probable truth as can be made? If so, it does not signify how the result is arrived at—whether by the epigrammatic antithesis employed by the older historians, or by reflective passages and minute analysis after the manner of later writers, or by imagining and expressing how the persons spoken of would have behaved under given circumstances and under given relations to others. The objection to historical romance is that so few men are fit to write it. It is the most ambitious and the most difficult, because the most complete, manner of solving the historical problem. But when we take characters which have been created by writers proceeding in different ways, when we compare, for example, the *Nicias* of Thucydides, the *Hannibal* of Livy, the *Egmont* of Goethe, the *Wolsey* of Shakespeare, the *Mirabeau* of Mr. Carlyle, we see at once that the particular means employed is a matter of utter insignificance. We can scarcely say under which head each process of working out the character ought to be brought. Is there, for instance, more of historical romance in the *Wolsey* or in the *Mirabeau*? The question is of no importance. All that is important is to be sure that the character presented to us is one sufficiently real to be worth studying, and having such a

degree of probable approximation to the actual fact as to prevent our fancying a character could be presented having a higher degree of probable truth.

The weak point of historical romance is that it is such a very leisurely and circuitous process. There is so much waste in the machinery. It is but a little bit of history that can be made the subject of a story, and the author has to busy himself with devising and adding to this little piece numberless extraneous ornaments and appendages in the way of love scenes, jocular conversations, surprising incidents, and sketches of landscapes. We do not get more out of Scott's *Louis XI.* than we do out of the *Nicias* of Thucydides. Perhaps, as the artist was inferior, we do not get so much. But what we get from Thucydides we get in a few pages, whereas Scott has to use the whole complicated and wasteful machinery of *Quentin Durward*. On the other hand, historical romance can give us parts of the picture which history cannot. For, supposing the main historical characters to be rightly conceived, it can show how such characters would stand towards, and act on, other characters which are either conceived in the same way on a basis of fact—but more easily because less completely—or else are purely imaginary. We thus get a picture of the time given in historical romance to which ordinary history offers no equivalent. For by a picture of a time we mean chiefly a sketch of the probable action and reaction of greater and less characters on each other. This is a success which has been attained by more than one celebrated writer of historical romance. Scott, for instance, has brought before us a picture of Scotland during the wars of the Covenanters which is as likely to be substantially true as any record of human action. And the same may be said, though in a less degree, of Sir E. Lytton's *Harold* and the *Last of the Barons*. They bring us nearer to the England of William the Conqueror and of the Lancasters, than we could be brought by a history which kept within the recognised limits of historical narration.

But if we are to speak well of historical romance it must be owned that the successful specimens it has hitherto produced are extremely few. For one success there are a hundred failures. This is perhaps only what we might have expected, for the power to see what dead people were really like is not an ordinary gift. But the odd thing about historical romance is the popularity attained by romances which are not so much failures—for they scarcely rise so high—as they are parodies and counterfeits of the legitimate, but unsuccessful type. There is something almost startling in the existence of the purely conventional historical romance. Mr. G. P. R. James has thrown off a profusion of such works, and it is curious to consider what can be the basis on which they rest. He has, for instance, lately published a tale called *Leonora d'Orco*, in a cheap shape, and any one who buys it at a railway station may get over a good part of a railway journey in speculating how it ever came to be written. Perhaps the explanation is this. Most persons have a vague sentimental affection for the past, and like to introduce into their thoughts of the present a dreamy notion of ancient splendours and extinct manners, and, above all, they are pleased if they can dazzle themselves with the imaginary presence of distinguished historical persons. They like all this in a languid way, and they want to be transported into the past by an easy process. Now no way could be easier and give less trouble than the arrangement of a few signs tacitly agreed on between the author and reader, the employment of which should be taken as denoting that the story belongs to that undefined period which is the chosen home of the mock historical romance, and which cannot perhaps be more precisely characterized than by saying, that it admits of calling every man a cavalier and every woman a fair dame. When, for instance, a story opens by telling us how two stalwart horsemen were threading a peaceful valley of Auvergne beneath the slanting rays of a setting sun, we know that we have got into this period, and may enjoy the pleasure of historical association to the full. But the way in which the conventionalism is worked out is astonishing. Above all, the things which the people say are surprising, and their style would be inexplicable if we did not recollect that, as it has been agreed that this is the style of historical romance, its use in a particular book shows that the book is a historical romance, and this is all that is wanted. At the opening of *Leonora d'Orco* a group of persons are riding together, and the following dialogue is given as a specimen of their conversation:—

"My Lord of Tremouille," said one, sharply, "I wish you would refrain your horse; I have hardly space to ride."

"He will not be refrained, my reverend lord," replied the other; "'tis an ambitious beast, well-nigh aspiring as a churchman. He will forward, whatever be in his way. Good sooth, he knows his place well, too, and thinks that, though he might make a poor show in a king's closet, he may be found better near his sovereign in the march or the battle than any of the mules of the Church."

Of course both Mr. James and his admiring readers are aware that at no known period did any human beings talk this extraordinary lingo, or habitually give vent to such portentous twaddle; but this has come to be the conventional sort of conversation in historical romances, and constitutes a sign which every one wishing for a historical romance is bound to recognise, and on seeing which he considers himself entitled to transport himself into the past at once. Directly he has done so, he will be prepared to find that this conventional speech, which, in the language of the craft, is "pregnant with bitter gibes," produced the proper conventional consequences:—"The prelate turned somewhat red, and several who were near laughed low."

There is also another variety of historical romance which, although it makes no pretension to do the highest work of historical romance, is worth mentioning. This variety uses the historical past merely as a field for a series of complicated and rapid adventures. The aim of the novel of adventure and incident is to occupy continually the attention of the reader, and to excite his interest by the ingenuity with which something surprising, delightful, or appalling is made to occur without cessation. When the scene is laid in the dim past there is this advantage, that the ignorance of the reader tempts him to consider as tolerably probable whatever the author pleases to assert. There is also the obvious resource of producing a *coup* by suddenly introducing a well-known person; and if the author can pick up, out of any memoirs or biography, a telling story about this person, there is always a great chance that the reader does not know it, and will think the author has invented it. A very fair specimen of this sort of romance has lately been written by Mr. Thornbury, under the unfortunate title of *Every Man his own Trumpeter*. The pressure of incident in the story, which is supposed to be laid in the reign of Louis XIV., is tremendous. The hero kills at least two men in every chapter. He detects any number of cheats, astrologers, and sharpers, and other rogues. He fights duels in which he is always victorious. He is thrown into the Bastille, where he finds out the whole private history of half-a-dozen villains. He escapes in the disguise of a baker's boy, and somehow or other the whole corps of villains are released, and thenceforward the hero is perpetually down on them, and uses his mysterious knowledge to baffle them at every point. And there are plenty of *coups*. The hero fights a duel with the chief villain, and having ineffectually pinked him, accuses him of wearing a breastplate. Garment after garment is removed in vain; the friends of the villain hoot the hero, but at last they come to the finest possible mail, painted a neat flesh colour, and the hero is triumphant. He goes to tell to a commanding officer the story of his conduct during a siege. There is a rustle behind the tapestry, out steps Louis XIV., and makes him on the spot a colonel of the first regiment in his service. But the great *coup* is judiciously reserved for the *finale*. The chief villain and the hero have a second duel, and this time they fight during a thunderstorm. The hero is hard pressed, for he is weak with illness; he is on the point of yielding his life to the superior skill and strength of his adversary, when the lightning, attracted by the steel of the swords, strikes the villain dead. Mr. Thornbury has taken some trouble to get at what may be called the furniture of the story. He dresses his characters in the costume of the time, and he has introduced some stories out of St. Simon. But no one could suppose that a book written in this way gave any insight into the character of Louis XIV., or of the French during his reign. But the time of Louis XIV. is a memorable time, and therefore a story laid in it might be expected to be attractive, while it is so remote that a tissue of the wildest improbabilities might, without any great want of plausibility, be represented as occurring in it. The story is not bad in its way, but it is necessary to put stories of this sort aside when we are attempting to fix the value of historical romance.

#### "I AM TEAR-'EM."

THERE is a sort of easy candour about Mr. Roebuck which is a safe passport to a certain kind of popularity. There are few politicians who daguerreotype themselves with the unsparring veracity which the Member for Sheffield is always willing to apply either to himself or to any of his opponents whose features are dark enough to invite his skill. A man who openly professes the philosophy of the Cynics, is bound by his creed to the plainest speaking, and if there is any humility in such a man's representation of himself under a canine type, it smacks more of the modesty of Diogenes than of any milder form of the virtue. At any rate, we may take the description which Mr. Roebuck gave of himself at the Sheffield Cutlers' feast as a not less genuine portrait than if it had been drawn by an Irish landlord or a Crimean quartermaster. "I am Tear-'em" is the sum of Mr. Roebuck's political profession of faith, and, both for good and evil, his resemblance to the watch-dog is beyond dispute. Interminable barking, in season and out of season, but upon the whole decidedly conducive to the safety of the establishment, is not the only merit which our watch-dog shares with his four-footed prototype. He can bite as well as snarl, and though he is a little indiscriminate in his attacks, he has more than once caught by the leg a faithless servant, and routed out a gipsy camp of idlers who were fattening at the national expense. Tear-'em is rather a spiteful and dangerous beast, it must be confessed, and he is painfully pertinacious in his howls at times; but we are disposed to bear with his queer temper, in consideration of his useful protection, and have quite as often to say "Good dog, Tear-'em," "At 'em, Tear-'em," as to cry out "Lie down Tear-'em, and be quiet." Certainly, occasions enough have offered of late to demand all his energies, and if we sometimes grow impatient at the inevitable noise, when everything else is tranquil, we can hardly complain if our necessary watch seeks recreation, in his idle moments, by growling out his favourite hymn—

Let dogs delight to bark and bite  
For 'tis their nature to—

the only piece of semi-sacred music which has ever been known to recommend itself to our trusty cynic.

But whatever may be Mr. Roebuck's general merits, his bark at Sheffield was not uttered without good reason. It was a real

business bark, and no mere growl to keep his voice in order. Nothing can be truer than his dictum, that the chiefs of despotic Governments do, and must, from the nature of things, cherish a perennial dislike for England. Policy may veil its expression, and Royal courtesies may seem to dissipate the cloud that rests between free England and the military camps that pass for Governments abroad. But a moment's chill in the political atmosphere is enough to make the cloud lower as dark and threatening as ever. This is the law of our national existence, and in proclaiming the hollowness of our friendships with despotic States, Mr. Roebuck is giving utterance to a truth as deep as his own hatred for everything that savours of tyranny. The peace which springs from mutual appreciation of the horrors of war is all that is possible between Governments which acknowledge no principle in common; and it is better, we think, candidly to recognise this necessity of our position as Mr. Roebuck does, than to strain after sympathy which cannot be genuine, and to be for ever repeating the forms of a theatrical embrace. Let us content ourselves with the sober commercial amity which may prevail between the subjects of States whose Governments are wide as the poles asunder, and we shall run much less risk of unlooked-for storms than if we affect a warmth in our political intercourse which only those countries which are treading in the same steps of progress can actually feel. One great advantage of thus abstaining from self-delusion on the subject of our foreign relations is, that the watchfulness that is needed when in company with a doubtful friend will be in less danger of falling asleep. If we accept to some extent Mr. Roebuck's creed as to our national position, we shall be in less need of his continual bark. In the meantime, it is as well that economists, who lash themselves into periodical fury when the annual estimates for the defence of the country are produced, should be reminded, by an occasional growl from Tear-'em, that there are suspicious characters lurking about, and that we must not be too parsimonious, but keep our household in a state of perfect security against unforeseen as well as expected assaults.

Mr. Roebuck has been to Cherbourg, and though both he and more experienced men are without fear as to the result of a conflict between our sailors and those of France, there is not the less reason for looking with jealousy to the comparative number of our guns afloat, and above all, to the means of gathering together, at the shortest notice, a sufficient body of men to man an irresistible Channel Fleet. Until we are able to say that, in less time than an attack could be organized, we can fill the narrow seas with a fully manned fleet of adequate strength, we have no right to rest in fancied security. It may be very judicious for a Foreign Minister to profess the most implicit reliance on the good faith of other Governments, though such declarations are, we imagine, accepted abroad for about as much as they are worth. But when Tear-'em shows his teeth at a stranger armed with revolvers and a life-preserver, who has set himself down to pass the night opposite our door, we do not think we should be wise to rate the dog, even though our formidable neighbour should invite us to inspect his splendid arms, and even present them at us as a token of eternal good will. We have not the least objection to demonstrations of amity with any of our neighbours, so long as probabilities are kept in view in the midst of our enthusiasm. These things are very well in moderation, but the safety of nations rests on coarser and more material defences. It is very satisfactory to believe that no one has any disposition to quarrel with us, but we cannot attain the full measure of security which we islanders ought to enjoy, until we have made it tolerably certain that those who may choose to quarrel with us will not get the best of the encounter. When this desirable end is secured, it may be very well to muzzle Tear-'em, but as yet we are rather grateful than otherwise for the repetition of the growl, "Cherbourg is a standing menace to England." There it will stand, whether the momentary inclination of its master may be for friendship or enmity, and on our side there should be a standing answer, in the shape of an organized body of seamen, ready at any instant to man a goodly fleet.

We look forward with much interest to the inquiries of the Commission to which this subject has been entrusted; and without having the least doubt that the Emperor Napoleon is sincere in his pacific profession, we should be glad to see his resolution in so good a cause strengthened by every support which we can supply. A thorough organization of the overwhelming maritime force which the commercial navy of England can at all times supply would help to restore equilibrium to minds that have been a little inflated by the Cherbourg spectacle. To cast ever so slight a damp upon the spiteful and vainglorious feeling which bubbles over in pamphlets like *Cherbourg et l'Angleterre* would be a real assistance to the Emperor's Government—always supposing him to be as zealous a cultivator of the *entente cordiale* as he has hitherto delighted to appear. A man who has taken the pledge is never so safe as when the brandy-bottle is locked up, and his friends cannot be accused of undue distrust if they construct new locks whenever he busies himself with manufacturing keys intended to pick the old ones. Napoleon's pledge of friendship to England may be as sincere and as durable as those which were taken by Father Mathew's followers. But Cherbourg is avowedly designed as a key to the ports of England; and we may not unreasonably prepare for the possibility of a relapse into Napoleonic ideas by barring our doors effectually against future intrusion. Till the bar is put up, we at least shall be glad to have a watch-dog as rough, noisy, and sleepless as the Sheffield Tear-'em.



## POLITICAL PROPHECIES.

THERE are few subjects in the present day so popular as prophecy and its fulfilment, and certainly there have been few ages in which so many persons made claims, natural or supernatural, to the prophetic character. It is not very common for prophets to be brought to book, but it is occasionally well worth while to undertake the task. This reflection was suggested to us by accidentally meeting with Mr. Carlyle's tract on Chartism, of which the second edition was published in 1842, and the first, if we are not mistaken, either in 1840 or 1841. The book thus carries us back seventeen or eighteen years, and recalls to our recollection what we imagine will be hereafter regarded by intelligent inquirers as one of the most eventful epochs in modern history. Considering that the date to which we have referred is one which can be well remembered by men still young, it is a little singular that the contrast between that time and the present should be adverted to so seldom, and in so superficial a manner. An occasional comparison, when newspaper columns are empty, between railways and stage-coaches, tenpenny "single" letters and the penny postage, the Exeter mail and the electric telegraph, are almost the only exceptions to the all but universal silence with which we acquiesce in some of the most remarkable social changes of modern times.

Independently of the political reflections which it suggests, much literary interest attaches to the tract we have mentioned. Considerable injustice is sure to be done to Mr. Carlyle if his books are criticised without reference to the state of things which existed at the time when his opinions were formed. It was a state of things which explains, if it does not justify, much of the tone of his works; and it inclines us to form a higher estimate of his prophetic sagacity than we should draw from the mere broad outline of events, compared with the broad outline of his forebodings. We need hardly remind our readers of the nature of the pictures which two such outlines would respectively enclose. For many years together Mr. Carlyle was the most pathetic, as he was one of the most eloquent, of Jeremiahs. His constant occupation was to dilate upon the disorganization of the whole social fabric. According to him, the rich were occupied merely in preserving their game; the poor were fast passing through the stage which separates smouldering discontent from universal combustion and explosion; the energy of the middle classes was expended upon an ignoble mammon-worship—all things, in short, were tending to a universal overturn, and possibly even, in the result, to something in the nature of a servile war. We need hardly dwell upon the opposite picture. Instead of revolution, or any approach to it, the history of the last fifteen years has been, with very few exceptions, a history of unexampled and almost plethoric prosperity. Except the utterly frantic and entirely harmless outbreak of Smith O'Brien, and the noisy folly of Cuffey, Duffy, and Co., who only succeeded in showing the abject weakness of their party, there has been no sort of political disturbance in this country since the time when Mr. Carlyle wrote, whilst every kind of measure which could in any way benefit the poor or conciliate their confidence has received the most cordial and laborious attention. In short, it is a little difficult at first sight not to apply to Mr. Carlyle's vaticinations some such reflection as that of the man in the *Spectator*, who persuaded himself, by studying medical books, that he was the victim of all sorts of diseases, and especially of consumption, "till at last growing very fat, I was in a manner shamed out of that imagination."

It may seem absurd, in the face of such facts, to say that Mr. Carlyle's prophecies do not appear to us to have been altogether falsified by them, and that the course of events establishes their claim to careful and respectful consideration. We do, however, maintain this apparent paradox. Like other men of genius, Mr. Carlyle has his own peculiar mental complexion, for which we must allow before we begin to estimate the importance of his conjectures. Leaving out the humour and the mental dyspepsia by which all his thoughts are coloured, his prophecy amounted to this—he said, in the year 1840, that very great dangers threatened the whole social fabric. He further said, in 1842 or 1843, that by repealing the Corn-laws a respite would be gained, when "we shall have another period of commercial enterprise, of victory, and prosperity, during which it is likely the people may, by the existing methods, be kept alive, and physically fed. A precious space of years, wherein to struggle in reforming our foul ways, in alleviating, instructing, regulating our people. It will be a priceless time. For our new paroxysm of commercial prosperity will, on the old method, prove but a paroxysm likely enough to prove our last." We should, in short, have to look about us, and to set our house in order. Apart from the question of degree, which, of course, can never be settled, we think that there was a very considerable amount of truth in this view of our national condition. The history of England for the last twenty years has been one in which, partly by effort, partly by circumstances, most grievous dangers have been partially avoided, and great progress has been made towards the cure of diseases of great malignancy and very long standing. It is matter of much interest to look back in a summary way upon some of the most remarkable features of this period.

There cannot be a doubt that the feelings of large masses of the poor towards the rich were in 1840 hostile in the extreme. The rising at Newport in the winter of that year—the strikes and riots, almost approaching to insurrection, which covered the whole

of the northern manufacturing districts in 1842, and of which Sir Charles Napier's memoirs contain a striking though perhaps a somewhat inflated account—O'Connell's agitation in the summer of 1843—and the frightful misery of large masses of the population, which had been vaguely known to exist for many years, and which was brought forward with horrible distinctness by the *Morning Chronicle* in 1849—were all symptoms of the very worst kind, the continuance and aggravation of which would most undoubtedly have led to consequences dreadful to contemplate. It would be too much to flatter ourselves that they are even now entirely removed. There is still a vast amount of misery among the poor, with much selfishness and carelessness among the rich; but both the one and the other have been mitigated to a most surprising degree by a series of very remarkable events. The abolition of the Corn-laws must most unquestionably rank first in the list. The commercial importance of the Corn-law, enormous as it undoubtedly was, was far from being its most remarkable feature. It put the landholders of the country in a thoroughly false position. They to some extent actually had, and to a much greater extent they appeared to have, an interest hostile to the general welfare. It invested the commercial classes with a character for largeness of understanding and liberality of mind to which their claim was in many particulars very contestable, and to which most assuredly they had no sort of exclusive title. It is impossible to estimate in money the benefits which have arisen from the alteration of this state of things. The profits of agriculture have increased, the special unpopularity of landowners has disappeared, and the whole class has been invigorated by the application of science to agriculture, by the large purchases of land made in all directions by men of business, and by the investment of a vast amount of the capital created by commercial prosperity in the cultivation of the soil. Independently of this great event the Irish famine, which brought Irish misery to a tragical end—the Encumbered Estates Act, which went far to prevent its revival—the enormous emigration to the United States, to Canada, and to Australia, which was partly composed of the Irish exodus, and partly stimulated by the gold discoveries in California and Australia—have relieved an enormous amount of suffering, and have completely changed the whole aspect of our affairs. Foreign as well as domestic events have had a vast influence in bringing about our present prosperity. There can be no doubt that the disgraceful spectacle afforded by most of the Continental nations in 1848 and 1849 operated as a most salutary warning to this country, whilst the national spirit was greatly roused, and the weak and strong points in our executive arrangements were pointed out, by the Russian war and the Indian mutiny.

If we read the prophecies of 1840 and 1842 by the light of these events, we must, no doubt, admit that some of the most important points in the history of these last sixteen or eighteen years could not have been foreseen by any human sagacity. No one could have foretold the Irish famine and the gold discoveries, and so far, no doubt, the prophets (for Mr. Carlyle by no means stood alone, but was backed up by Mr. Disraeli, to say nothing of less conspicuous allies) are entitled to say that their auguries have been rather superseded than falsified. This, however, is not entirely true; and the reflections which show in what respects it falls short of the truth convey, to our apprehension, one of the most important political lessons of modern times. The practical conclusion, all but universally drawn by those who looked forward to the ruin of the country, was that our institutions were based upon wrong principles, and that they were quite incompetent to deal with modern social problems. Mr. Carlyle denounced our "constitutional formulas," and anticipated the reign of the wisest and strongest. The organization of labour, industrial regiments, emigration conducted in ships of war, a Parliament consisting partly of Crown nominees—in short, a system of socialism made as unsentimental as possible—was the programme which he sketched out, though, with that characteristic Scotch sagacity which never under any circumstances deserts him, he not only abstained from any detailed prescriptions, but saw the impossibility of framing them, and laughed unmercifully at those who put their faith in Morrison's pills. Mr. Disraeli and the whole Young England school followed the same cry in a different spirit. By combining scandal about Mr. Croker and Lord Hertford with a strange farrago of historical and logical fallacies about the monasteries, Charles I., Bolingbroke and his Patriot King, the old "Free Monarchy"—which Mr. Disraeli supposed to mean a monarchy in which the people were free, but by which Clarendon meant a monarchy in which the king "was as free [from law] and absolute as any in Europe"—the Venetian oligarchy, the territorial constitution, and much other rubbish, the Chancellor of the Exchequer signified his opinion that a revolution upwards was the only possible alternative with a revolution downwards.

The real history of the last eighteen years appears to us to furnish a rebuke to such speculations all the more impressive because we arrive at it gradually by the examination of facts. It will hardly be disputed that our social evils have been greatly mitigated, and that the virus which made the disease so dangerous has been all but extracted, since the time to which we are referring. No one now can accuse the upper classes or the Government of this country either of indifference or indolence in respect of the condition of the poor. No one but a knave or a madman can seriously look forward to any violent collision between the different classes of society with any feeling but that

of the deepest horror; and it was proved in April, 1848, when our affairs were far less prosperous than they are now, that the poor would disavow, and if necessary combat, any such design as strongly as the rich.

What, then, has brought about this happy change—the prescriptions of our political doctors or the neglect of them? No doubt it is perfectly true that many of the circumstances by which it has been effected could not have been foreseen; but it is also certain that unless the constitution of the country—understanding the word in a sense large enough to take in all our habitual settled modes of action, whether embodied in law or not—had been sound and good in the very highest degree, many of the events in question would have been the most grievous calamities. They admit of being described in a very different light from that in which we have described them. “During this period,” a future historian might have had to say, “England was overwhelmed by the most frightful calamities, and little credit is due to the sagacity of the writers who foresaw the decline of the country, for the operation of the causes which they saw at work was hastened by a series of misfortunes against which no wisdom or virtue could have permanently held out. In the year 1847 a dreadful famine overwhelmed a third part of the country. Parliament, with its natural inefficiency, did nothing. Ireland sank still lower in its squalid misery, and the commerce and agriculture of England never recovered the loss of that rude but plentiful supply of unskilled labour upon which it had been accustomed to depend so largely. This defect was grievously felt when, a few years later, the gold discoveries produced so vast a demand for labour. The United States, Germany, France, and Italy reaped the harvest which under more prosperous circumstances might have renovated England. It is to the united operation of the Irish famine and of the gold discoveries that we may trace that decline of commercial activity which marks the latter part of English history. The next step in that sad story is the Russian War of 1854. That dreary series of defeats, humiliations, and blunders would at any time have been bad enough; but acting on a diminished and disheartened population, their effects were terrible indeed. The political influence then lost has never been regained. Since the defeats at the Alma and Inkermann, England has been so completely a second-rate Power, that the loss of the Indian Empire would have been speedily brought about by the agency of some European nation, even if it had not been consummated by the mutiny of 1857. We must not overlook the contagion of the Continental revolutions in 1848. They probably only hastened a natural process. The Constitution, as it was called, was a mere sham, never worth much at any time, and completely worn out by the inefficiency and sloth which were its congenital malady. To reproach the absolute power substituted for this wretched mockery with being the cause of the disasters of which it is only the effect, shows profound political ignorance. Now that we have got rid of legal pedants and constitutional talkers, we may hope that we stand on firm ground, and that we may look forward, if not to that splendour which haunted the dreams of a former generation, yet to a comfortable and not otherwise than respectable position in the great European family.”

Such, if England had really been what so many people loudly asserted it to be, would have been the substance of the reflections of some unborn philosophical historian. The fact is, that such was the vital power, the radical health and soundness of the body politic, that influences which might well have operated as poisons affected it only as medicines. The cure of the diseases of this country, or at least their alleviation, and a fair prospect of their radical cure, were brought about by famine, by war, by contiguity to—almost by contact with—revolution in its wildest form, and by discoveries which almost dissolved society in California, and entirely choked liberty in Spain. It was no sudden shift of the wind that blew us out of danger. Thanks to good steering and a good ship, we are even now beating up against a gale which would have driven many a vessel amongst the breakers. To educe prosperity out of political agitation, famine, war, and revolution is possible no doubt; but the possibility implies a great deal. It is not every tree of which it can be said that it flourishes under the axe, and *ducit opes animunque ferro*. The world was open to others as well as to us; yet hardly any other nation in Europe can look back with much satisfaction on the history of the last twenty years.

It is most important to recollect that the process which we have tried to sketch was accomplished by the elaborate disregard of all the prescriptions of our most desponding physicians. We have not erected a beneficent despotism; we have not organized labour; we have not sent every one to school by main force; we have not given up Parliamentary “babble;” we have not revolutionized Downing-street—in a word, in our corporate capacity, we have confined ourselves almost entirely to providing for the day as it passed by, and to carrying out in the most deliberate manner the most obviously desirable reforms. It is principally to private efforts that we owe the present condition and prospects of the country. The great qualities of energy, forbearance, and mutual confidence have perhaps never been displayed so vigorously or with such happy results. The ardour with which every favourable opportunity for exertion has been seized—the admirable temper and calmness with which the poor have borne sufferings often cruelly severe—the countless individual efforts which the rich have made to relieve those sufferings,

and to point out the manner in which those who were affected by them might relieve themselves—and the extraordinary confidence in each other's good sense and good intentions with which all parties and classes have discussed their affairs—are the proximate causes of our present condition. What that condition might have been if we had allowed ourselves to be frightened into heroic remedies, and to be persuaded out of our traditional maxims and habits of policy, is a question which discerning people will not find it difficult to answer.

#### THE ANCIENT MASTERS AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, 1858.

THE display of the works of the Old Masters in Pall Mall is this year one of unusual interest, especially as the recollection of the Great Exhibition at Manchester last summer had whetted the appetite of the public for the enjoyment of the unknown treasures of art that abound in the private collections of England. The principal features of the year's show are Lord Suffolk's pictures from Charlton Park—so strangely stolen a few months since, and so unexpectedly recovered—and the late acquisitions of a new collector, Mr. Alexander Barker, to whose taste and zeal we owe the opportunity of making acquaintance with the works of some rare artists hitherto almost unknown in this country.

The celebrated “Vierge aux Rochers” by Leonardo da Vinci occupies of right the place of honour in the Gallery. The exquisite grace of the whole composition and the masterly painting of the heads are incontestably due to the great man whose name the picture bears; but the sky and rocky background, and the bodies of the figures, are clumsy in the extreme, and the general tone of colour is displeasing. It is somewhat surprising that any pupil of such inefficiency should have been allowed, or should have dared, to attempt the completion of a work begun in his best style by the great master. The picture, however, is one of special interest, and one forgets the accessories in the beauty of the sentiment and expression of the Holy Family and the ministrant angel. Several other reputed works of Da Vinci flank this masterpiece. Foremost among them is the Rev. Davenport Bromley's small half-length of the “Virgin and Child” (5)—a work which, with all deference to Dr. Waagen, we should rather have assigned to Luini, whose name it bore in the Fesch Collection. It is a delicious picture, rather cold and austere in treatment, with a stiff half-drawn curtain for the background, but most happily conceived and finely coloured. The faces perhaps lack elevation, but the figures are most graceful; and the Child, a mere nude infant, with an arch playful expression, sporting with flowers, is charming in the naturalistic style. Lord Ashburton's “Infant Saviour and St. John” (8) is another reputed Da Vinci, which many critics claim for his greatest pupil. This is a work of most finished execution, in that soft delicate rounded outline-less style technically called *sfumato*. The sentiment, however, is scarcely satisfactory. The group consists of a lamb in the centre of the composition, most highly idealized and conventionalized—a very miracle of tender refinement of style—which is embraced by two naked children, beautifully drawn in all the naturalism of plump, rosy, dimpled flesh, but without a spark of that higher consciousness which we look for in the Great Precursor, and which we find in the latent Godhead of the Sistine Infant. Still, this is a picture from which it is difficult to tear oneself, and which is a *chef d'œuvre* of its kind. Lord Suffolk's other “Virgin and Child” (11), attributed to Da Vinci, has so suffered by repainting, that it has little merit left. The tone of colour is quite altered, and though the design bears traces of genius, the general effect is disagreeable. The large copy of Leonardo's “Cena,” by his pupil, D'Oggione, contributed by the Royal Academy, occupies nearly a whole side of the North Room, and cannot be seen in these close quarters to any advantage. This is a work of course which is full of interest, though it is not to be compared for an instant with the perishing original in the Refectory at Milan. But we regret that the scanty wall space of the Pall Mall Gallery should be taken up by pictures belonging to the Royal Academy of London which the public ought to have at least an occasional opportunity of seeing gratuitously.

Two large sketches by Leonardo—very powerfully drawn heads of our Lord and of an Apostle—complete this remarkable series; and Mr. Baring's acknowledged Luini, a “Holy Family” (6), an agreeable, but somewhat Academic and affected piece, with softened outlines and dubious expression, should be compared with the other specimens of the Lombard school.

Not very happily contrasted with these Milanese pictures is the Murillo that hangs over the “Vierge aux Rochers.” It is Lord Howe's “Sleeping Infant Saviour” (1), a bright and harmonious gem of colour. The Child is thoroughly naturalistic; and two *amorini*—for they are no better—hover over him in the air. But these boy-angels are exquisitely imagined, and one of them clasps his little hands in prayer in a way that would win any mother's heart.

We may now proceed to notice Mr. Barker's remarkable group of pictures. First in order of arrangement comes a specimen of the late Ferrarese, “Dosso Dossi” (15), a large altarpiece representing St. Catherine and St. Lucy. It is inaccurate and mannered, but not without spirit and a certain manliness. Carlo Crivelli, a Venetian artist, a full century earlier, is represented by five notable works. Two of these form a series of six half-figures of saints in architectural niches—originally, perhaps, a



predella. The niches are most forcibly painted, with every vein of the marble glowing in colour, and some fruit and flowers hanging between them, which are finished with rare truthfulness and power. But the enshrined saints are almost grotesque in their superabundant life. They seem as if they were struggling to get out of their cells, and their attitudes are almost repulsive. But there is amazing spirit in the composition. And the same may be said of two female saints (22) (24) by the same artist. But the best Crivelli here is (26) the portrait of the Beato Ferretti, an ancestor of the present Pope. He is depicted as a Franciscan, with a rather vacant face attenuated by ascetic mortification. The landscape of the distance and the foreground is a marvel of jewel-like minute painting, quite pre-Raffaelite in its accuracy.

An early portrait by Pietro della Francesca (17)—representing Isotta da Rimini in exact profile—is not likely to be overlooked. The face itself is simply ugly, and the costume hideous; but the execution of the picture, and especially of the details of the dress and ornaments, is exquisitely finished and minute. It is finer than the not very dissimilar portrait of the same lady by the same artist among the late additions to the National Collection. Ortolano—as the Ferrarese painter Benvenuto (died 1525) is nicknamed—was quite unknown in England. Mr. Barker exhibits a large altarpiece by this artist, representing full-length figures of St. Sebastian, St. Roch, and St. Demetrius (19). The execution is free and broad, but the design is staring and melodramatic, and the expression of the conscious-looking saints is eminently unpossessing. With this may be compared the altarpiece of Nicola da Faenza—a painter of whom we never heard before (died 1588)—representing the Virgin and Child, and a group of saints in the act of adoration (25). It is strange to see how the type of this kind of composition must have survived when all genuine feeling for art had decayed. This scarecrow of a picture is not without a reverent intention; but the figures are just like so many Dutch dolls mopping and mowing in veneration. Anything more quaint or wooden was never seen. It looks like a cheap altarpiece that might have been furnished to a village church from some mechanical manufactory of pictures, in which the lingering tradition of the old sentiment, and the old conventional grouping, had survived any living practice of art. But the view of Florence in the background, with its dome, and campanile, and tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, is a redeeming feature. Another large altarpiece by Marco Palmigiani (27) may be grouped with the two last-named works. Here again the ordonnance is bold and striking, but the execution and details are worthless. The subject is the Virgin and Child with Saints.

In the little circular Lorenzo di Credi, "The Holy Family," (20) Mr. Barker has secured a work of much higher artistic merit. The conception is charming. The Virgin is kneeling over the Holy Child, who lies on the ground looking up at his mother, and propped up by a pillow; and the infant Baptist kneels behind. The "St. George and the Dragon" (23) by L. Signorelli is grotesque; and the pilasters, painted with small figures of Saints, by F. Signorelli (28, 30), are not much better. But the curious picture of Filippo Lippi (21), representing the Patron Saints of Florence—or rather of the Medici—sitting in conclave, is a real treasure. St. John Baptist occupies the middle seat, between SS. Cosmo and Damian, St. Laurence and St. Antony, St. Francis and St. Peter Martyr. It is said that Cosmo and Lorenzo de' Medici sat for the portraits of their respective patron saints, and that Savonarola was the model for the Dominican martyr. Be this as it may—and we confess we cannot in any way trace the last-claimed likeness—the picture is of a rare kind and special interest.

The "Virgin and Child, with St. John" (29), by Sandro Botticelli, is an average specimen of the somewhat cold and thin style of that artist. Finally, in the Giorgione (34), the well-known ornament of the Manfrini Collection, Mr. Barker has acquired a gem of art of the very purest lustre. It is the picture in which the painter himself, habited as a gallant cavalier, occupies the centre, looking admiringly towards his mistress, on his right hand, while a youth, splendidly dressed, turns away on his left. This picture is all but faultless. More noble types of manly, female, and adolescent beauty were never imagined, and never was execution more perfect, as to form, or colour, or manipulation. It is, we think, the finest thing in this year's Exhibition.

We must dwell at less length on the rest of the collection, merely noticing the most prominent pictures. There is but one specimen of the purely mystical school—a picture, or rather an illumination, by Benozzo Gozzoli (35). It is beautifully treated—the Virgin and Child being seated under a canopy which is carried by attendant angels. This is not a common conceit, and it is here most prettily rendered, but the faces seem to have been retouched. Lord Powis contributes a small specimen, reputed to be by the Frate (57). It is a graceful enough composition, representing the Virgin and Child seated on a stone bench, while in the background two undraped angels draw aside that green curtain which is seldom absent from the pictures of Fra Bartolommeo. But the Virgin's arm is foreshortened out of all drawing.

Lord Suffolk's "Le Raboteur" (42), by A. Carracci, is chiefly curious for its attempt to reproduce the mystical feeling of older and purer art. The Virgin, a mere peasant woman, is sitting at her work, and St. Joseph is marking a plank for sawing by

pulling the chalked string used for that purpose by carpenters, our Lord holding one end of the line. The execution is coarse in the extreme. Among some average portraits, one of Piero Richetti (47), by Tintoretto, is the most striking. The subject was as ugly and commonplace as it is possible to imagine, but the treatment is admirable.

The Middle Room contains a collection, rather above the average, we think, of Dutch pictures—landscapes by Ruysdael, pieces of low life by Teniers, sea-pieces by Backhuysen and Van de Velde, and the like. Among these we were struck by two portraits of a Burgomaster and his wife, by De Vos. There are also two especially charming river scenes belonging to Mr. Wynn Ellis, by Vander Capella. Lord Lonsdale's Exterior and Interior of St. Peter's, by Pannini, are unusually good specimens; and the interior of the Pantheon (107), by the same painter, is a rare subject well treated. The patch of sunlight travelling round the dome from the open aperture in the roof, is strikingly given. The Canalettos shown this year are more than commonly good. We single out a Hobbima (80) of Lord Suffolk's, representing a woody landscape, as exquisitely lovely. The figures of St. Justa (71) and St. Rufina (78), the Patron Saints of Seville, attributed here to Murillo, will escape no observer. The former is an especially lovely portrait of a Spanish maiden. But are they not more in the style of Zurbaran than of Murillo? Mr. Gladstone's large picture, also attributed (but with little reason) to Murillo, representing St. Raymond and two attendant monks sailing on the sea on his outspread cloak (99) is powerful but distressingly quaint in its treatment. Here, also, may be noticed two vivid portraits by Rembrandt—one of an Antwerp goldsmith (100), the other of his mother (102). The latter is quite repulsive, from its exaggeration of every feature of old age; but its execution is astonishingly powerful.

In the South Room we observed two very interesting fragments. A Female Head (109), by Bellini, represents with lifelike force a weatherworn peasant matron of the Lagoon. And the Head of a Priest (125), by Van Eyck (evidently cut out of a large picture, as is shown by the hand of the patron saint resting on the head), may well be a work of that master, as it exemplifies all his laboured finish of execution. The Portrait of a Lady (123), by our early English painter, Isaac Oliver, is not without interest. It has all the minuteness of a miniature. Berkheyden's Interior of a Dutch Church (126) is singular, as showing the congregation engaged in Protestant worship. They are listening to a sermon—the sexes divided, and the elders ranged in high pews, while the area is filled with chairs.

In the English School, Gainsborough is insufficiently represented, though his sketch of Two Monks' Heads (152) is striking, and of very unusual character. Sir Joshua Reynolds appears in two portraits of Nelly O'Brien, neither of them rivaling the incomparable picture of the Hertford collection, and one of them—the profile (156)—being by no means remarkable. But the other (128), belonging to Mr. Mills, has the same well-known full-face that was admired at Manchester, though it lacks the witchery of the becoming hat and dress that added so great a charm in the Hertford picture. Of the other portraits by Sir Joshua here, we will name the oval Head of Lady Beaumont (165) as the most successful. His "St. Agnes" (174) is nothing but an atrocious parody of religious art.

A manly portrait, by Dobson, of William Cavendish, "the Loyal Duke of Newcastle" (136), must not be forgotten. And Daniell's "Hindoo Temple" (139), is a striking reproduction of Oriental scenery—almost photographic in its minuteness and fidelity of detail. A "River View" near Norwich (154), by a little known local artist, John Crome, struck us as being singularly good and truthful. There are two conspicuous failures by Zoffany, representing court groups of the Royal Family—astonishingly unlike what Vandyck did for Charles I.; and finally, there is a single landscape by Turner (167), which is worthy of all praise for its solemn evening effect of a lake deeply sunk among wooded hills. Upon the whole, we congratulate the Directors for the present season on the great treat they have provided for the lovers of ancient art.

#### RECENT ENGRAVINGS.

THE days of pure line-engraving—at least in England—are, as every one knows, past, or at least temporarily eclipsed. The reasons for this waning of the art, in addition to its laborious and costly nature, may not be far to seek. Some are of a material kind, such as the invention of new processes. The others may perhaps be summed up as chiefly two—the modern love of effect, and the mediocrity or incompetence of our engravers as draughtsmen. These two reasons combined suffice not only to account for, but to justify, the neglect of pure line-engraving.

The English art-tendency is notoriously rather towards colour and "the look of a thing," than towards exact form. From the days of Reynolds, and those contemporaries and successors of his who attempted and blundered at "high art," down to the last re-constructing movement of our school—the pre-Raffaelite—this has been the case; and even pre-Raffaelitism does not overturn these conditions—being, with all its attention to minute and elaborated form, still more distinctively a colorist school. It is no more than natural, therefore, that mezzotint, or a combination of mezzotint with line, should find more favour in the eyes of the

public than line itself—furnishing, as these methods unquestionably do, in a broad salient manner, strong effects, soothing, luscious, brilliant, or gloomy, such as lie beyond the fair range of line-engraving, and, if thereby attained at all, cost infinite pains and skill. Let these pains and skill be forthcoming, and the noble and truly artistic qualities of line-engraving will entitle it to a preponderating, though by no means an exclusive, acceptance with the public. But it is too true that they are not forthcoming in any adequate degree. To produce a thoroughly right engraving—more especially a line-engraving, which has no effects or expedients to plead in substitution—needs an artist, just as a picture or a drawing does. It needs an artist even more than a painted copy from a picture, inasmuch as what can in that case be done, *tant bien que mal*, by mere closeness of imitation, requires, in the case of an engraving, to be done by the difficult and delicate translation of spaces of light, shade, and colour, into linear form. Nothing can do that, even tolerably, except drawing—nothing well except good drawing. It is by drawing that a line-engraving must achieve whatever it does achieve—expression, chiaroscuro, texture, as well as the more direct facts and relations of form. The whole interest of the production depends upon the story which it tells as a mirror of the original work, and upon its drawing. An art of line-engraving which does not possess that power in a high degree deserves to sink. Yet the British school furnishes its painters, sculptors, and other original designers but scantily with drawing, and its engravers of course still more scantily. As long as that remains the case, line-engraving will continue in a depressed condition—at best flickering here and there with some little vigour, but always towards extinction. This will be inevitable, because, of all forms of engraving, it is the one where the standard is highest and the deficiency least endurable.

We believe that, as in various other instances wherein Fine Art is concerned, the extreme subdivision of labour—the isolation of individual effort in the present day—has been harmful here. Engraving is made a thing apart. Its practitioners are workers in a distinct craft, which other artists regard as partly mechanical, and beneath them—at least, as in no respect their own. This inevitably fosters the evil at which it takes umbrage; and the more that feeling prevails, the more will the calling of the engraver tend to sink from art into mechanism, and from profession into trade. The principle and practice of the old times were different. The great men then—and continually the minor men too, for the matter of that—were primarily artists. From a universal Giotto, or Leonardo, or Michel Angelo, down to many a subordinate though still distinguished man, we do not find that this one was sculptor, and that painter, and the third metal-worker or architect, but the one grand eye and hand possesses the entire cycle of art; and there is not perhaps a Giam-battista or a Benedetto of them all who would have understood that it could be his function to paint in fresco on a wall, or in water-colour on a bit of paper, and not in oil on a canvas or a panel. We readily concede that the perfect or systematic practice of engraving could not be demanded or desired from painters and other inventive artists, unless from one here and there—the time and labour involved would be too great. But its practice up to a certain point, and a general accurate insight into its principles and methods, might prove highly advantageous—disciplining the artist himself in hard, stern drawing, raising the standard of achievement, and tightening the bonds of art-fellowship between the original producer and his expositor to the wider public. Turner, perceiving the defects of his engravers, worked upon the engravings, and often injured them. A closer recognised connexion between the two arts would redound to the benefit of both.

There is, however, one form of engraving—that of etching—already practised to some considerable extent by the original artists, and which might be far more generally adopted with great advantage. In most cases, it would avail to supersede the work of repetition at second-hand altogether. Except in the instance of the most elaborate works, the comparatively slight indication of thought and purpose which an etching supplies is all that the spectator cares for or needs; and the truth and freshness of character and effect which it gives are of far higher value than the translator's labour, which is often stilted even if not inefficient, and seldom hits the exact medium between effort and attainment, or, taking into account its great expenditure of means, quite satisfies the mind. Many a thought well worthy of record, yet not demanding full expression in a picture, may be rendered in an etching—many a picture thus reproduced or modified, which does not need, or would hardly bear, the severe process of engraving. Another form of repetition which might well be made nearly universal, is that of photography.

Indeed, it would almost seem that engraving is but awaiting its death-warrant at the hands of the photographer. Engraving is only an expedient for repetition—a very slow and laborious, as well as a costly one. A quicker and (in theory) more thorough expedient is now at our command. Let photography only succeed in rendering the true relations of work in colour, and give assured guarantee of its own permanent continuance, and we do not well see what plea engraving has to offer why it should not be superseded. The artist's own etching will suffice for whatever else remains to be performed. And, among the men who would otherwise be engravers, such as are naturally artists will find their sphere in a less tedious and more intrinsically valuable form of art. Engraving, except as a necessary expe-

dient, is unremunerative work—a fact sufficiently evident from the consideration that no sane man would undertake to present his designs in engraving as their original or sole shape, but only to repeat them, or to procure their repetition, by that process.

But all this is future, or contingent. Our immediate subject is the engravings which have been recently published in England. Of these we find a somewhat more than commonly fair representation in the Royal Academy, which has set apart its much-shunned Octagon-room almost exclusively for their display—a sensible decision, as this room, fatal to pictures, is not ill-adapted for engravings.

To the important preliminary question—What are the fittest subjects for engraving amid contemporary art?—we can spare but a very few words. Briefly, the first requisite is a story worth telling, in works of invention; and, in works of record, a subject that really deserves to be recorded—portraits of interesting persons, for instance, or scenes of high interest of association. Works of colour, as such, are necessarily excluded; and many which display great qualities of art, apart from the sources of value just adverted to, are not specially adapted to engraving—as noble picturesque landscapes, or groups remarkable rather for artistic feeling than for definite purpose. As matters stand, the print-shops are mainly show-rooms for Sir Edwin Landseer, and for commonplace domestic art of the Stone or Brooks stamp. The atrocities of the sham-religious eruption, when all London and England were inoculated with the Barraud and Lejeune virus, seem pretty well over for the nonce.

At the Academy, we find line-engravings after Messrs. Lucy, Mulready, Frith, and others. Mr. Graves is rather bare and cold in his rendering of Mr. Lucy's "Cromwell resolving to refuse the Crown." Mr. Willmore is very hard and unsuccessful in Turner's "Cologne." "Agatha," engraved by Mr. Joubert, recalls the look of the fine old period of French line-engraving in a moderate degree. Mr. Shenton, in "The Loan of a Bite," has caught the pale, subdued uniformity of Mr. Mulready's earlier manner; but the ugly element in the picture, severed from its delicacies of manipulation, makes the engraving rather a distasteful one. Mr. Thomas Landseer has long been *ne plus ultra* in expressing the characteristics of his brother's works. The "Highland Nurses" is a most exquisite rendering of that exquisite picture of the wounded buck, tenderly watched to his last gasp by the does, which enriched the Academy exhibition of a year or two back. We have here the softness of a mezzotint, and the individual freedom and wilful confidence of an original etching. The hides of the fawn and doe in the foreground may possibly be a trifle too rough; but it is difficult to say whether any other method would have come so near the general manner of the picture itself. This is one more triumphant shop-window version of the inexhaustibly popular Sir Edwin. Mr. Frith appears in two prints. "Hogarth brought before the Governor of Calais as a Spy" has rather a poor effect in the hands of Mr. Edwards. The "Life at the Sea-side" which, a few seasons ago, was only less tickling to the public than the "Derby Day" has been this year, finds an engraver in Mr. Sharpe, who has achieved his arduous task, on the whole, with delicacy and precision. The faces, however, are sometimes a little deficient in drawing—a blemish with which we do not recollect the picture to have been chargeable. Take, for example, the little boy in the centre foreground, with his miniature boat.

The union of line and mezzotint—that special style of the nineteenth century, realizing so much, and done with such workmanlike ability as almost to impair the sense of artistic character—is exemplified in Mr. Bromley's engraving from Maclise, "Caxton's Printing Office in the Almonry at Westminster." This is remarkably distinct and efficient, closely conforming to the painter's own style, and doing justice to a picture which ranks with the most interesting that he has produced of late years. "Highland Mary" is by Mr. Simmons after Mr. Faed. We have nothing to say against Mr. Simmons's share in the transaction, and Mr. Faed has played a sure card for the print-shop windows, however lowering to public taste this meaningless hothouse-rustic prettiness may be. Mr. Barlow is fully earning a very high position—his "Dona Pepita," after Phillip, is singularly rich and vigorous in effect. Rich and sweet too is Mr. Cousins's engraving (almost wholly mezzotint) from Landseer's "Midsummer Night's Dream"—the scene where the ass-headed Bottom, to whose side Titania nestles with doting fondness, is dallying with the elves. The picture was pleasant and popular, and we doubt not the engraving proves to be the same. Yet Sir Edwin is not exactly qualified for this sort of subject. He presents it under somewhat too ordinary an aspect—Titania an aristocratic belle, Bottom not much more grotesque or out-of-the-way than a respectable centaur. A peculiar turn for quaint fancy, and odd simplicity of combination, is needed in order to realize such themes in art, quite as much as in literature. It is not to be done merely by introducing impossibilities. Another engraving, by Mr. Cousins, is from Winterhalter's bridal portrait of the "Princess Frederick William of Prussia"—by no means the best which the late "run upon" that royal lady has produced. Mr. Stapoole and Mr. Zobel supply unmixed mezzotint—the former in Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Strawberry Girl," which follows very nearly the manner of the engravings of Reynolds's own day, and the latter in a close reproduction of Mr. Grant's "Lord Rokeby."

Of the engravings which are not included in the Academy



Exhibition the chief are those from Mr. Millais and Madlle. Rosa Bonheur (apart from the Arundel Society's prints, which we have noticed before). Few recent works have so thoroughly deserved engraving as Mr. Millais's "Eve of St. Bartholomew," and "Release," and few prove to bear the process better. The depth of expression, and the combination of dramatic with domestic interest, in these pictures, peculiarly qualify them to work for good as engravings. It is true that the complicated subtlety of this expression, and the splendid colour, were serious difficulties for the engraver; but Messrs. Barlow and Cousins have wrought vigorously and brilliantly through them. In the St. Bartholomew we find laudably preserved the yearning simple love and entreaty of the girl who urges her Huguenot lover to preserve his life by wearing the Catholic badge, and the quiet inflexibility of the man—full of gentleness, pity, and affection, but almost smiling, too, in the lofty scorn of a conscience fixed as fate. In "The Release," we have the wife's exulting, melting firmness—her task achieved, and her whole strong, loving soul all but ready to dissolve in hysteric passion, calm as the face may seem. These three expressions are very wonderful things for the painter to have conceived and executed, and very honourable for the engravers to have reproduced. In respect of general effect, also, and artistic handling, both these prints stand high; and Mr. Barlow's, which afforded more scope for that excellence, is remarkable for the delicate detail which underlies the effect. As a work of original art, high as the excellence of both pictures is, we rate far higher the less popular of the two—the "St. Bartholomew's Eve." In the case of Madlle. Bonheur's "Horse-fair," engraved on a large and sumptuous scale, it is pleasant to find, as evidencing a superiority to professional jealousy, Mr. Thomas Landseer working in the cause of his brother's most formidable rival. In many respects the print is admirable, especially for steady, uniform vigour of effect. Yet it is not, on the whole, quite so perfect as the engravings after Landseer himself, owing, no doubt, to the engraver's coming new to the style of his original. The touch is somewhat blurred on close inspection, scarcely rendering the definite drawing of Madlle. Bonheur.

A crayon portrait of Mr. Ruskin, by Mr. Richmond, exhibited lately at the Royal Academy, has been engraved by Mr. Holl. It does the sitter more than justice, and less. Mr. Ruskin's keen, small, exceptional face and unsubstantial form are not adapted to any merely pretty treatment, but only to such as shall insist upon every peculiarity, and show its meaning and character. His is not a surface to be smoothed down, but an interior to have its depth sounded. Mr. Richmond nerves Ruskin's arm, and unnerves his mind; and, flattering an abnormal face, he makes it less like that of a man who could write *Modern Painters*. Still, the likeness, though softened, is not inconsiderable. Last, we may mention the engraving of Mr. Graves, just published from Mr. Webster's picture of "The Slide"—subdued and dim in general effect, like the painter's style, of which this boisterous, horse-play, red-cheeked scene—boisterous in incident, but not in feeling—is no very favourable specimen. Mr. Webster inclines too much towards Bottom's ideal of propriety—"I will roar you as gentle as any sucking dove."

Among the announcements of forthcoming prints, two are of unusual mark. Mr. Doo champions line-engraving in its most elaborate aspect by selecting Sebastian del Piombo's "Raising of Lazarus;" and one of Mr. Millais's engravers (we think Mr. Barlow) has Mr. Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" entrusted to him.

## REVIEWS.

### A BENEVOLIST.\*

THE remarkable word which the heading of this article will introduce to most of our readers for the first time, is borrowed from a book which represents a young and flourishing department of literature. Mr. Day's work on *Juvenile Crime* tells us that something must be done, "not by benevolists only, but by the Executive, to realize any tangible degree of good." He himself is obviously a benevolist, and as such deserves rather more discriminating notice than members of his party are accustomed to obtain.

Mr. Day's thesis is that crime, and especially juvenile crime, is largely increasing; that it is caused partly by pauperism, partly by the compulsion exercised by parents over children, partly by temptation and hereditary predisposition, partly by bad dwellings and low lodging-houses, largely by ignorance, very largely by intemperance, to a considerable extent by immoral amusements—such as low theatres, dancing saloons, and immoral publications—and partly by the mismanagement of workhouses and prisons. The cure, he considers, is to be found principally in a compulsory State education, and to a certain extent in making reformatory discipline a principal object of imprisonment. Each separate cause is made the subject of a separate chapter, while others are devoted to the consideration of the proposed remedies. The nature of the book will be fully appreciated by most of our readers from the mere enumeration of the subjects of which it treats. We hardly know whether it is to be

considered fortunate or not, but it is unquestionably true, that, in the present day, such phrases as "low-lodging house," "penny theatre," and the rest, bring a very vivid and a very unpleasant picture before the mental eye. We have heard all the details about such places over and over again, and Mr. Day has nothing to tell with which we are not already universally and unhappily familiar. Indeed, the commonplace character of the book—the fact that it is one of a class—is the very fact which entitles it to notice, though it contains some information which is curious, and some suggestions which may be useful. Mr. Day's conception of crime is precisely what he would call the "benevolist" conception. He looks upon it exclusively from the philanthropic point of view, and though we fully acknowledge the value of that mode of considering the subject, we think it is important, for several reasons, to point out the defects and abuses to which it is liable.

The philanthropic view of vice of all kinds, and especially of those coarser forms of it of which the law takes cognizance, is that it is a disease which is either curable or at least susceptible of indefinite mitigation. The sentiment may not be very distinct or very consciously held, but it lies at the bottom of the whole machinery of charitable institutions. People set themselves to work to reform criminals, to educate the ignorant, to improve the dwellings of the poor, and to do a hundred other things of the same kind, in the same sort of temper and by the help of the same sort of appliances as would be appropriate if they were engaged in making a canal or a railway. Presidents and vice-presidents, boards, committees, sections, congresses, special trains, beds at inns at half-a-guinea a night, conversations, and rural excursions, are the symptoms of a philanthropic meeting as they are of a cattle show. No doubt the direct effects of such meetings are good for those who like them—no doubt their indirect effects are also good, inasmuch as they both prove and excite good feeling on the part of the prosperous towards the wretched; but they have also, we think, the specific danger of tending to produce a limited and shallow view of the evils which they propose to combat. When a set of benevolists get together to discuss the character and prospects of juvenile delinquents (there is a semi-professional twang in the words which is very suggestive of the proceedings of a public meeting), they can hardly be expected to regard them with other eyes than those with which a geologist looks upon saurians and trilobites. They are a subject of study, of curiosity, of experiment, of well-regulated compassion and ill-regulated eloquence—they cease to be human beings and become interesting cases illustrative of the badness of our social arrangements and indicative of the necessity for improving them. It is an almost infallible consequence of such a state of feeling that those who are subject to it misunderstand the nature of the evil which they combat, whilst they overrate the efficiency of the means of which they are to dispose and the dignity of the pursuit in which they are engaged. With respect to the nature of the evil which is to be encountered, there can be no doubt at all that it is one which is in its nature radically incurable. It may be alleviated, but no rational man can hope to see it removed. Crime, debauchery, drunkenness, dissolute amusements, and ignorance, are not accidents which a wise re-arrangement of society might avoid—they are simply the outward signs of an inward vice, which will turn everything to evil. It is a mere dream to suppose that a time will ever come when the great mass of mankind will not be engaged in coarse manual labour. We must be fed, and clothed, and sheltered from the weather, and provided with an immense variety of articles which can only be made by the personal contact of man with the rudest tools and materials. So long as this is so, the minority will be rich, and the vast majority will be poor, living from hand to mouth; and so long as that is the case, any imprudence, any vice, any idleness, any self-indulgence, will expose the poor to temptations which a very considerable number of them will not resist, though by giving way to them they will incur speedy and most terrible punishment. Men may be compared to a vast fleet of vessels of all sizes. Some are first-rates, some are frigates, some brigs, schooners, or cutters, but the vast majority are open boats, very liable to be upset, and no amount of labour in fashioning the rudder or the oars will do more than lower the average of accidents in a very trifling degree.

Let us imagine a labouring man put into a commodious cottage, with separate bedrooms, water abundantly laid on, and all other improvements. Let us suppose that he has good and regular wages, that his wife has been taught to cook and mend clothes, and that he has learnt to read, write, and cipher with ease. Let us further suppose that there are a church, a free library, and a mechanics institute, close at hand—that there is a hospital to receive him when he is sick, that he has 10*l.* in the savings bank, and that there is no public house within three miles of him. This would be the philanthropic *beau idéal*; yet how little such a man would be secured from temptation. An illness would throw him out of work, he would spend his savings, get dejected, take to drinking, let off his extra room to lodgers, and be brought down in a very few months to the level of a sot—just one degree above that of a criminal. It may no doubt be said, that with the higher classes of society this is not so—that gentlemen do not commit crimes, and that they are saved from it by the refining and softening influences of education; but if we look at the matter more closely, we shall find that the real barrier between the upper classes and

\* *Juvenile Crime; its Causes, Character, and Cure.* By Samuel Phillips Day. London: J. F. Hope. 1858.

crime is not virtue produced by refinement, but the absence of temptation produced by wealth. There are a thousand ways in which a rich man can indulge every kind of vicious propensity without encountering the law. The fact that he is independent, or even that he lives from year to year, and not from week to week or from day to day, puts a radical distinction between himself and the poor man. He can acquire his neighbour's money without going and taking it bodily from his pocket; he can indulge his sensual propensities without getting drunk in a pot-house; he can be unfaithful to his wife without knocking her down and bringing a mistress into their one room. All these advantages, if they are to be regarded as such, are owing to his command of time and money; but inasmuch as no re-arrangement of society will ever give these facilities to the mass of mankind, vice amongst them must always be coarse, brutal, and productive of immediate palpable suffering and direct violations of law. If everybody had 500*l.* a year, we should probably be neither a better nor a happier people; but we should certainly want fewer gaols. So long as the mass of mankind live by daily labour, our criminals may be better or worse educated, and more or less healthy, but their numbers will remain pretty much as they are now.

The truth is, that philanthropy ought not to aim at regenerating mankind; and philanthropists entirely mistake their position in supposing that it is their duty to do so. They can no more cure vice than doctors can cure death. They can only mitigate here and there the symptoms of a disease which will be too strong for them in the long run. When they look upon themselves—as they are a little too apt to do—as the very salt of the earth, they are totally mistaken. We do not and cannot live upon medicine. The really important members of society are the people who carry on its everyday business—the patients, and not the doctors. If that great mass of men which cultivates the earth and works up its products—which governs the country—which makes and executes laws—which owns the land—which carries on professions and trades—which, in a word, makes up society—is in a healthy state, things will go well. If it is not, they will go ill, notwithstanding all the benevolists on the face of the earth. Why, in point of fact, masses of men sometimes grow better and sometimes worse, and why they go to a certain extent and no further in each direction, has been well pronounced to be the great riddle of history. Call it Providence, call it fate, call it law, or what you will, but, as a matter of fact, there are powers at work in human affairs which make all human efforts, except for small, definite, and specific purposes, altogether illusory. Men have made railways and written books, and taught people all sorts of accomplishments; but no one ever yet by taking thought made a man—not to say a nation—wise or good, or great or happy.

We cannot take leave of Mr. Day and his book without observing that there is a rather lighter side to the grave subject we have been attempting to handle. The sort of meetings to which we have alluded, and the sort of subjects which they discuss, are in the nature of field-days and chopping-blocks for people of rather a low calibre of thought. There are, of course, a certain number of stars who are the local Broughams or Stanleys; but the mass of the papers read at such opportunities are of the dreariest possible character. Mr. Day's style of thought and writing is just an example of the declamatory statistics which find favour on such occasions. The figures and the quotations go hand-in-hand in a wonderful way. Crime, we are told, costs us 9,000,000*l.* a year, all expenses included. This is worked out with a great array of statistics, and leads up to—"I cannot help exclaiming, with the Roman poet—

Savior armis  
Luxuria incubuit," &c. &c.

If he cannot help quoting in that way, Mr. Day must be dreadfully familiar with Latin; but he is so anxious to have authorities, that he quotes Eliza Cook, who observes, with indignant eloquence—

Better build schoolrooms for the boy  
Than cells and gibbets for the man;

and the Great Tupper is made to contribute the profound remark, that "disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions," which, says Mr. Day, is "a truth so axiomatic that it cannot be questioned." We should like to hear of some truth which, though very axiomatic, could be questioned; and if we had had to quote, we should have preferred "as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," to turning disposition into a house, and then saying that it was built by making the bricks—which is the nearest approach to sense that we can get out of Mr. Tupper's metaphor. We may also observe, that Mr. Day's zeal for education does not lead him to practise what he preaches—unless, indeed, his printer does him gross and frequent injustice. Thus, at p. 268, we have "Mr. Pearson *tristely* remarked," where the intention obviously is complimentary. Perhaps Mr. Day means "tersely." So at p. 320. "The leading journal has the following *pert* remarks" (obviously for 'apposite'). Here, too, is a remarkable sentence—"Independent (& independently) of the costs of apprehension and trial our criminals absorb a large sum during their punitive process, which a wise and paternal government and an *esoteric* nation have rigorously enforced," &c. &c. Why call punishment a "punitive process," and what in the world is the meaning, in this connexion, of an "esoteric" nation? Again, we are told

that "the time for puny, *putid* efforts has ceased." "Putid" may perhaps mean stale, but it properly means "stinking," and we cannot see what it means here in either case. Perhaps, with reference to these criticisms, Mr. Day may tell us, in his own words, that, "however certain parties may quibble and *quiddle*" (p. 344) he is right and we are wrong. It appears to us, however, that an ostentatious display of learning, and an imperfect acquaintance with the principles of English composition, are not creditable to "educationists" and "benevolists," and that if they really wish to be of use to society, they ought to cultivate qualities which are more appropriate to the study and less appropriate to the platform.

#### COOKE'S LETTERS FROM CHINA.\*

THE *Times* has recently informed us that no one can review Mr. Cooke's Letters except Mr. Cooke himself, as no one has the knowledge necessary to criticise the observations and opinions of a man who enjoyed such peculiar opportunities of studying China and the Chinese. This is undoubtedly true—if not literally, yet substantially. Persons who only know China by books cannot say that any one who has seen and thought for himself on the spot is wrong. At the same time, they cannot be sure that he is right. The only clue to truth is the judgment we form of the writer, as to whose character and ability we of course gain many hints while reading a thick volume of personal memoirs. Now it would be very difficult to find a special correspondent who reflected the character of the journal to which he contributed more exactly than Mr. Cooke reflects the character of the *Times*. He is shrewd, he judges for himself, he is animated by a sincere desire to serve the public, and he speaks out with frankness. At the same time, he is determined to do justice to himself; and he is continually giving us to understand that he is a very "Leading" sort of Special Correspondent. He announces his opinions, and chronicles his adventures, with that magniloquence which is far above vulgar boasting, but which shows that he has caught the true Olympian air. He judges of public men, and of men in high office, not unfairly or unkindly, but peremptorily and decisively. He can always lay down exactly what ought to have been done and what ought to be done, why what ought to have been done has not been done, and why there is no chance of the right thing being done for the future. If he suggests a scheme of operations, it is his prescience and consummate knowledge which discloses to him the true course to pursue. If those in command act very much as he recommends, they do so, not from any prescience or knowledge, but because circumstances force them into a right road. That the one knows what is right while the other only blunders into it, is indeed the standing and radical difference between a *Times* correspondent and an official. There is no captious or envious criticism on the conduct of officials in these Letters; but that Lord Elgin, simply because he is a man long versed in the conduct of difficult affairs, because he knew the precise instructions of the English Government, and was in daily intercourse with the diplomatists of the other European nations, could judge what was to be done better than a man who was actually special correspondent of the *Times*, would, we may venture to guess, seem as ludicrous to Mr. Cooke as it would to the *Times* itself. Mr. Cooke belongs to the "cock-sure" school of authors, and has all their merits and defects. Where, in speaking of China, his defects may have led him wrong we cannot pretend to say. We can only form an estimate of the spirit in which he investigates and passes judgment on human affairs.

To state that these are the best letters that have been contributed to a newspaper would be invidious, but we may safely say that they have never been surpassed. They were read with so much interest when they first appeared that it is needless to praise them now. And they show that, if a good special correspondent is inclined to set a high value on himself and his position, he has some reason to do so. A combination of very various qualities is requisite in order to fit him for his task. He must be capable of going through great physical fatigue, and willing to undergo a very considerable amount of actual danger. Every one who wishes for a favourable notice of his performances is only too ready to bestow civilities on a man who holds the key to the chief door to publicity, and the social path of the correspondent is therefore not a very rough one; but still he must be able to take advantage of his opportunities, and to win confidence by making himself popular and pleasant. He must have a quick and observant eye, a ready memory and a practised pen; but above all, he must have a definite purpose in all that he does, and he must endeavour to form an independent judgment while he exhausts every available source of information. It is because he excelled in these two points—because he inquired with an object which he steadily kept in view, and because he thought for himself, that Mr. Cooke seems to us to have been so successful as a correspondent. Great as is the literary merit of his letters, their literary merit is not their chief recommendation.

As instances of the first excellence which we have mentioned, we may take the descriptions of the Chinese dinner, and of the process by which the feet of Chinese ladies attain the smallness for which they are celebrated. Mr. Cooke wished to give his English readers a notion of a real Chinese repast. He accordingly or-

\* China: being the "*Times*" Special Correspondence from China in the Years 1857-58. By George Wingrove Cooke. London: Routledge. 1858.



dered a dinner on a large scale, and left it entirely to the management of a native artist. What we have to notice in the account given of this dinner is the minuteness of detail—the thoroughly statistical accuracy with which every dish is described. Mr. Cooke does not trust to a general description. He sets down the order of every dish, gives an analysis of its contents, and records the exact impression it produced on a European. The determination to see and state the whole process which he undertook to write about is even more conspicuous in the letter describing the mode in which the smallness of the foot is produced in Chinese women. Mr. Cooke got from the missionaries a series of little girls belonging to the missionary schools, and illustrating the various stages of the torture. On an appointed day, all these little girls were seated in a row, and their feet were unbound by their mammams. The first was a child of two years old. Her penance had just commenced, and the great toe had been left untouched, while the other four had been forced down under the ball of the foot. In the next three children, the operation was still confined to the four toes, but these toes had yielded to the pressure, and had become amalgamated with the sole of the foot. In the eldest of them, the process was so complete that the foot was cool and painless, and appeared as though the four toes had been cut off by a knife. In the fifth girl, the second operation was to be seen. The sole of the foot was curved into the shape of a bow—the great toe and the heel being brought together as near as possible. The end of all this is, that the ball of the natural foot fits into the hollow of the sole, the instep is where the ankle was, and all that is left to go into the slipper and to tread the ground, is the ball of the great toe and the heel. Thus Mr. Cooke arrived by personal and minute examination at a clear notion of what the small Chinese foot really is. It consists of a bit of the great toe and a bit of the heel joined together. We are not left, as in the accounts given by most travellers, to surmise vaguely what is meant by a frightful distortion of nature. We know from Mr. Cooke exactly what the distortion is, how it is effected, and what is the ultimate result.

Mr. Cooke's letters contain some useful hints as to the probable consequences of the new treaty. China is now opened to our commerce and our religion, and Mr. Cooke investigates some of the causes which threaten to stand in the way of our success. The Chinese will of course adopt every possible means to elude the terms of the treaty and to deceive the barbarian; but even if the treaty were observed with tolerable fidelity, it is probable that English commerce will make its way slowly; and it is certain, humanly speaking, that Christianity will not for a long time produce any noticeable effect whatever. Mr. Cooke is not satisfied with the reasons usually alleged to account for the slow progress of British commerce in China. It is said that the Chinese are not easily induced to adopt foreign fashions. Mr. Cooke replies that no nation would at once change the whole character of its costume, furniture, equipments, and ornaments; but that in many things the Chinese are remarkably anxious to secure European patterns as well as European curiosities. The highest ambition of a Chinaman is to have an English watch. It is said, secondly, that the Chinese are a manufacturing people. On the contrary, Mr. Cooke maintains that, "in a competitive sense," the Chinese have no manufactures. They can produce small results with great ingenuity, but have no notion of works on an extended scale. The rebellion is admitted to be a more serious difficulty, but we may suppose that, in some way or other, England will be able to protect its commerce. Lastly, in reply to the statement, often made, that the high custom duties exacted by the Chinese amount to a virtual prohibition, Mr. Cooke tells us, that at Ningpo, where every import must have passed through the custom-house of Soochow, noted for its severity, he found the shops full of English goods, and bought a ball of English sewing cotton for less than a farthing. Mr. Cooke then proceeds to give reasons for our want of commercial success, which are, in his opinion, valid. He begins by saying that we are beaten by fair competition in the Chinese markets. The Americans beat us in drills and sheetings, the Russians and Germans beat us in woollen goods. Then, no trouble is taken in England to learn the wants and tastes of the Chinese. It is, for example, the settled opinion of the people that narrow widths of cotton are the most serviceable, but Manchester neglects or refuses to alter its ordinary width to please a set of remote and precarious customers. Mr. Cooke also seems to think that British imports could not be made to answer well, unless they passed through mercantile houses which have already establishments, agents, and connexions for the purpose of the Chinese export trade. But that trade is so remunerative that the leading houses do not care to venture into a line of business where they might add to their anxiety and labour more than to their profits. Evidently, therefore, it will be some time before English manufactures find in China a great and advantageous market.

It is impossible to discuss here all the difficulties which threaten to bar the progress of Christianity in the country; but not the least is to be found in the missionaries themselves. Mr. Cooke casually mentions, that when he objected to a missionary who was inclined to defend the rebels, that they had wantonly put thousands of innocent persons to death in cold blood, the missionary replied, that the Israelites were ordered to slay the Amalekites. A volume would scarcely suffice to express how much folly and ignorance and bigotry lay in this answer, and how little China could be benefited by a person who could make

it. It is also impossible to avoid being struck with the manner in which Mr. Cooke speaks himself, and represents all persons conversant with China as speaking, of a recognised missionary mode of representing things for the benefit of religious parties at home; the great feature of this missionary language being that it is one string of gross misstatements. That the moral sense of Christians is apt to perish or lie dormant when not kept active by their living in the midst of a great educated community, is one of those lamentable but notorious facts which we must take into account when we are speaking of the conversion of the heathen. In England, there are many persons belonging to the class from which missionaries are chiefly taken, who are quite willing to cook reports for the glory of their sect, and who are capable of thinking the bloody ferocity of the earlier Israelites a laudable precedent for a civilized and Christian nation; but they are saved from the consequences of their folly and weakness by the great barrier with which the common sense, and the historical and theological knowledge of the nation hedges in their actions. In China they have no protection. Unsupported, they stand face to face with the heathen world, and the issue is, that they praise God because a set of blasphemous robbers, who happen to tickle their religious fancies, glut themselves with an endless succession of the foulest massacres.

#### FIVE YEARS OF IT.\*

THE author of *Five Years of It* is not happy in his outset. His preface, constructed in obedience to a canon of which we were not before aware—that "no preface ought to contain more than two short paragraphs"—appears to us affected and silly; and the story itself opens awkwardly. We have an enthusiastic description of the hero's favourite haunts—the village of Afrel and the banks of the river Scarf. We are told how an old woman, very far gone in dotage—Betty Nestfield, the congenial mistress of a troop of donkeys—declared the said hero to be "t' nicest lad that iver came to Afrel," and how, in his childhood, "captivated by the scarlet jackets of her donkey-drivers, he had begged to remain and be a driver too." Then the hero, Edgar Huntingdon, himself appears on the stage, and, in a fit of musing, knocks a sketch-book out of the hand of a stranger who had been trying to put the scenery of the Scarf on paper. The collision happily results, not in a quarrel, but in a friendly talk. The sketched discovers, by his own penetration, that Edgar is a poet, and, by a fishing question, ascertains the exact state of his pecuniary affairs. In return for this information, he avows that he himself had once been ambitious of fame as an artist; and the two part with the expression of a hope that they may meet again, but without any inquiry or revelation as to name or residence on either side. Thus far, therefore, things do not look very promising. But by degrees the book improves. From being bored, we become interested, and our final opinion is very different from that which at first we had been disposed to form.

Edgar Huntingdon is an orphan, without any near relations. He feels in himself the spirit of poetry, and has the means of living without a profession; but he nevertheless resolves, as a matter of duty, to devote himself to the labours of the bar, and, immediately after the interview which has been mentioned, establishes himself in the Temple, where he has chambers in Garden-court, and spends seven hours a day in studying the mysteries of the law under Mr. Trantham, a special pleader in King's Bench-walk. An old college friend, Frank Fairfort, introduces him to his father, Lord Fairfort, and to his sister, Annette. Edgar speedily sounds the young lady on lofty and profound subjects, and has the delight of finding that, in addition to her personal beauty, she has thoughts dignified, tender, refined, and in unison with his own. Lord Fairfort, although a cold and somewhat stiff personage, takes to him, invites him to his country house, and at length is so charmed by his discourse that the whole party undertake an expedition to Afrel. Very early in his acquaintance with Miss Fairfort, Edgar had conceived a reverential admiration for her; but, partly from the depth of his reverence, and partly from a sense of inequality in position, he had not ventured to think of her as one whom he might love. The beauties of nature about Afrel, however, open his heart. He argues that, if Lord Fairfort were likely to object to him as a son-in-law, he would not have encouraged his intimacy with the family; and, after some rapturous talk, he proposes to Annette, who replies, "I loved you at our second meeting. I never," and the tears came faster as she said it, "never, never thought I should tell you this!" On breaking the matter to the noble papa, however, the hero meets with a cruel disappointment. Lord Fairfort, judging by appearances, had rightly supposed Edgar's income to be about 300*l.* a year; and, in the confidence that so poor a man would not aspire to his daughter's hand, had neglected those precautions which he would have taken if he had been aware that, in a few months, the 300*l.* would expand into 2000*l.* As it is, he is deeply annoyed, tells Edgar that 2000*l.* a year, although "the fortune of a gentleman," are not enough for the husband of Miss Fairfort, and sends the poor hero off, utterly hopeless as to love, to plunge again into the abyss of legal study.

The Fairforts, too, return to town. Annette is driven about to balls and other gaieties, which she goes through as if she

\* *Five Years of It*. By Alfred Austin. 2 vols. London: J. F. Hopk, 1858.

were in a dream; and she is persecuted, with her father's approval, by the addresses of a wealthy and stupid Earl of Glenbarton. Edgar, meanwhile, not only drudges at Mr. Trantham's chambers, but devotes much of his spare time to writing for magazines, in order that, without exceeding his present income, he may be able to support a Spanish refugee named Pampesteria, and his "superbly beautiful" daughter, Catalina. Although we are expressly told that the hero was not handsome either in face or figure, his power over the female heart appears to have been unlimited; and such is Catalina's devotion to him, that, supposing him unattainable for herself, she arranges for him, without the knowledge of either party, an elopement, in Spanish fashion, with Miss Fairfort; but, to the utter amazement of the Castilian maiden, his virtue forbids him to take advantage of the scheme. Virtue and law combined, however, fail to cheer him; and finding the struggle with his sorrows hopeless in London, he again sets off for Afrel, where a fit of inspiration comes on, and he composes his second poem—for we ought to have mentioned that he had already published one poem, and that it had been reviewed as a work of merit and promise. Relieved by this outpouring, he returns on foot to London, and one day, when tired by a walk of forty miles, he stops to converse with a young lady in a hayfield, who very soon becomes possessed of his history:—

"I have loved."

"And not been loved?" she added, with a spontaneous expression of manifest surprise extremely complimentary. She perceived it, and slightly blushed, and turned away her eyes.

"Nay, I was loved—am loved."

He further avows that he is a poet, and finishes by reading the whole of his new production, which the fair listener receives with rapturous admiration, exclaiming "Do go on!" at the end of one canto after another. This enthusiastic young lady—"My pretty friend," as Mr. Huntingdon condescendingly styles her—tells him that her name is Florence Laughnan, and he takes leave of her with a familiar "Goodbye, Florence!"

Edgar goes abroad, and after a run up the Rhine and in the Tyrol, comes back as far as Paris, where, in the Champs Elysées, his acquaintance is suddenly claimed by a young lady on horseback—no other than Miss Laughnan, whom he finds to be under the care of a John-Bull papa and an awfully correct mamma, while she is the idol and the tyrant of a schoolboy cousin, Arthur. The business which engages him at Paris, however, is chiefly that of a friend named Horace Cooper, who had formerly been a merry fellow-pupil in King's Bench-walk. Horace, on the eve of marriage with a Miss Linwood, had been seen by her in an equivocal situation with a female acquaintance of a less reputable kind, whereupon, after writing him a stern and absolute letter of renunciation, she had utterly disappeared, and her lover, after a vain search for her, had sunk into an abject melancholy which prostrated both mind and body. By means which we have not room to detail, Edgar discovers Miss Linwood in a mysterious lady, apparently a Spaniard, who haunts a certain gambling-house at night, always staking the same sum, and in the morning offering her winnings (if any) before an image in the church of St. Germain-des-Prés. The misunderstanding is explained; Horace Cooper is brought over from England, to see her die of consumption; and he returns with Edgar to London, both much the better for what had taken place.

Edgar's second poem is published, and so deeply impresses a critic in the *Athenæum* that he bids Mr. Tennyson "look to his laurels." The poet becomes a lion, and in that character is invited to fashionable parties, where he again meets with Annette. A plot is laid by an old enemy, named Bingham, to ruin him in her estimation, by surprising him in the company of a young woman and her child whom he had charitably undertaken to support; but it results in the utter confusion of the plotter. Bingham proves to have been the villain by whom the poor girl had been inveigled from her home, and abandoned after a pretended marriage. His victim turns out to be the child of Lord Fairfort's only brother, and Lord Fairfort is won by Edgar's behaviour in this affair to sanction his union with Annette. The story concludes with a tableau of the principal characters assembled at Edgar's country house to celebrate the anniversary of his first meeting with Miss Fairfort. He is there, glorious with poetical reputation and blest in the success of his love. She is there, radiant with charms, proud of her husband, and rejoicing in his affection. Lord Fairfort is there, very tolerably satisfied on the whole. Frank is there, in high spirits as usual, and soon to be made supremely happy with "the grace, the blood, and the virtues of the last of the Pampesteras." Gregson Woodfinden is there, the sketched of Afrel, who from time to time had turned up in odd situations, who had aided in finding Mary Linwood, and who had benefited Edgar's poetry by his criticism. Florence and Arthur Laughnan are there—Arthur still over head and ears in schoolboy love; Florence, frank and free as of old.

"But why can you not love the boy?" Annette asks Florence. "I am sure he is a dear fellow; he is handsome, a thorough gentleman, clever, and not much younger than you are. Can't you give him hope?"

"My dear Annette! I never loved but one person; and that person was—he who is now your husband. Of course I have no such feeling now; but I shall never love any one again, but you and Horace there. There, now!" and she pressed her friend's hand.

It would seem, therefore, that for Horace, who is also of the party, things are by no means hopeless, after all his sufferings from the sternness of Mary Linwood.

We suspect that in sketching the plot of *Five Years of It* we have not made our readers acquainted with the best part of the book. The characters are distinctly conceived, well discriminated, and consistently maintained. The language is good; and if it seem a little high-flown now and then, we must remember that we are reading the history of a poet. The author's opinions are such as we can generally agree with, or, at least can respect; and among the morals which he would inculcate is this very wholesome one—that, while the world ought to make more allowance than it has sometimes made for the weaknesses of men of genius, these ought not themselves to claim; on account of their genius, any exemption from the plain and unromantic duties of ordinary life. And we must not omit to mention a merit which, if not high, is certainly rare—that, although the author leads us into the society of lords and ladies, the scenes in which such personages figure are free from finery, flunkeyism, and other kinds of vulgarity. As to the probability of some parts of the story—whether it is likely that the hero would so freely open the secrets of his mind and his heart to chance acquaintances at first sight, and whether all the young ladies would fall so suddenly and so violently in love with him—we, who have never had the fortune to be a poet, or in any way interesting to young ladies, cannot well pretend to judge. But, since the author evidently expects some objections to the hayfield scene between Edgar and Florence, we may take this opportunity of protesting against the way in which he and other novelists think to dispose of such objections, by simply expressing their own consciousness that certain incidents, or actions, or speeches, may seem improbable, unnatural, or improper. We beg novel-writers to understand that a thing does not become likely or correct because they may have been beforehand with the reader in feeling that it looks the very contrary. If Baron Munchausen, in relating how he rode through the streets of Adrianople on a horse whose hinder half had been left outside the portcullis, adds that the inhabitants stared at the wonderful sight, the mention of their surprise does not make the story a whit more credible; nor do we like the scene in the hayfield at all the better because both the lady and the gentleman apologize for their respective shares of it.

With regard to the hero's poetry, the author takes a course which contrasts advantageously with that of another writer whom we have lately reviewed, Mr. John Edmund Reade. In *The Light of other Days*, Mr. Reade not only introduces poets among the characters of his story, but thrusts on us specimens of their poetical talent, whereas the author of *Five Years of It* discreetly refrains from giving us a single line of Mr. Huntingdon's admired compositions. The consequence is, that in the present case we believe what we are told as to the poet's genius, whereas in the other we see only too plainly that Mr. Reade's poets are as indifferent versifiers as himself. Perhaps our author may have profited by Hazlitt's remark, that we are all the more thoroughly convinced of Falstaff's love for eating and drinking, because Shakspeare has never exhibited him as actually engaged in these occupations. The author (whose name of "Alfred Austin" we suspect to be assumed) tells us in his preface that his "book has been twice rewritten," and that he expects "severe critics" to "exclaim, 'pity 'twas not written a fourth time!'" Whether the statement is to be taken literally or not, we are by no means inclined to join with the "severe critics" in their exclamation, but think that the time which would be spent in writing this story once more will be much better employed on something new. Let the next work be less sketchy than the present; and if there is, or has been, some stupid old woman whose admiration of the author has established her in his affectionate remembrance let him be content with having once painted her in the donkey-proprietress, Betty Nestfield, who is without exception the most utterly dull, objectless, and superfluous old woman that we ever met with in any novel.

#### CHRONICLES AND MEMORIALS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.\*

Second Notice.

THE *Buik of the Cronicles of Scotland* is edited by a well-known Scottish antiquary, Mr. Turnbull, from a manuscript in the Cambridge University Library; and, if we may judge by the facsimile, a very uninviting manuscript the original must be. The work, as a specimen of the old Scottish language and versification, is a curiosity; for, with the exception of some very trifling matters, it is said to be a mere translation from Hector Boece, whose history (as we need hardly say) is, in its earlier part, either derived from traditionary fables or spun out of his own invention. An extract from the prologue will serve as a specimen of the style, and will also enable us to appreciate the authenticity of the materials:—

Our ald storis befor thir mony yair,  
Tha war destroyit all with Inglismen,  
In Wallace weir as it is cith to ken;  
Synce efterwart, when that tha wrait the storie,  
Ald eldaris deidis to put into memorie,  
Tha maid thair buikis, thair tractatis, and thair tabillis  
Part be ges, and part be fenscit fabillis;

\* *The Buik of the Cronicles of Scotland*. By William Stewart. Edited by W. B. Turnbull, Esq.

*Monumenta Franciscana*. Edited by the Rev. J. S. Brewer. London: Longmans. 1858.



Part tha fand in ald broades of bukis,  
Part in lous quarris liand wer in nukis.  
Tha tuke sic cuir sic thingis to consider,  
Syne in ane volume pat thame altogidder,  
Without ordour, fassoun, or effect,  
Mekill wantit and all the lave suspect.

Sixty or seventy thousand lines such as these—for there are to be three volumes, and the number of lines in the first volume is 20,236—will probably be quite enough for the most ardent admirer of legendary Scottish verse. The author is supposed to have been an ecclesiastic of the name of William Stewart, and his work was undertaken for the benefit of James V. in his minority. We shall only add that Mr. Turnbull appears to have laboured at his task not only with diligence, but with patriotic enthusiasm.

The volumes of the *Chronicles and Memorials* which still remain to be noticed—the *Monumenta Franciscana*, and the *Fasciculi Zizaniorum*—are by far the most important which have yet appeared, whether we regard the works contained in them or the additions made by the editors. The *Franciscan Monuments* open with a tract by Friar Thomas of Eccleston, "*De Adventu Fratrum Minorum in Angliam*," which is curious, not as a narrative (for in that respect it is very irregular and fragmentary), but as a collection of anecdotes illustrating the spirit of the early Franciscans. In truth, this spirit was by no means peculiar to them; for the same grim humour which appears in most of the stories may be traced throughout the history of the severer kinds of religionists, from the monastic heroes of Rufinus, Cassian, and Palladius, down to such moderns as Whitfield and Rowland Hill; and the peculiarities of the body to which the sayers of sayings belonged, supply in each case only the form by which the humour may display itself. Thus, we all know the story told by Fuller, and adopted by Hannah More, of the shepherd who, instead of returning a straightforward answer to a question about the weather, said, "It will be what weather shall please me," and went on to explain, "Sir, it shall be what weather pleaseth God, and what weather pleaseth God, pleaseth me." (Fuller's *Holy State*, b. iii. c. 17.) Compare with this an anecdote of Brother William of Euseby, which is related by Eccleston:—

When Brother Gregory, the Minister of France, asked of him whether he would go into England, he answered that he knew not. And when the minister marvelled at this reply, at length Brother William said that the reason why he knew not what he would, was, that his will was not his own, but the minister's; wherefore he willed whatsoever the minister willed that he should will.

The speeches of the shepherd and of the friar are evidently the same in their solemnly coxcombical spirit; but with the characteristic difference that, in one case, submission is professed to the Divine will, and in the other to that of a monastic superior.

It was in 1224 that four clerks and five laymen of the Franciscan or Minorite Order landed at Dover. The brotherhood soon got a footing in London, Canterbury, Oxford, Cambridge, and elsewhere, and acquired a vast popularity and influence. Their founder had endeavoured to bind his followers to the most rigid poverty. Knowing that in earlier orders a distinction had been introduced, by which the profession of individual poverty was reconciled with the possession of great wealth by the community, he laid it down that, in his brotherhood, the community itself should possess nothing. Hence, when lands or buildings were presented, the early Franciscans refused to accept them as property, but desired that they might be made over in trust to some corporation, under which the brethren were to be merely tenants on sufferance. They were to live by begging, and were allowed to receive only so much as was necessary for their daily provision; while they were strictly forbidden to take any money, except for clothing or for the sick and poor. Their feet were to be bare, and their dress was of the coarsest kind. When they got new frocks, they were required to wear their old ones over them; and one who, having found a pair of sandals, indulged in the luxury of protecting his feet from the coldness of the floor at early matins, was scared by a vision from repeating the breach of duty. After a time, it was proposed that the rule should be explained in doubtful points; but the Saint of Assisi, who knew how explanations of former rules had ended in explaining them away, interposed by a timely vision, and it was agreed that his code should remain in its literal meaning, "as it had been delivered by St. Francis, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost."

Changes, however, soon crept in. At first, instead of emulating the architectural splendour of other orders, the Franciscans had made a study of meanness in their buildings, and the governing authorities had sternly repressed the æsthetic longings of the brethren. The chapel of the Order at Cambridge was made of rough boards, put together by a single carpenter in a single day. At Gloucester, the ornaments of a window and the painting of a pulpit excited a serious commotion. When a hall of more than necessary size had been built at Paris, Brother Agnellus prayed, and it fell down, just as the brethren were about to take possession of it. Another official demolished a cloister which had been built for the Order at Southampton; he forced the monks of Reading to take back a charter by which they had bound themselves not to turn the friars out of some buildings held under the abbey; and, as he could not venture to pull down the Franciscan chapel there, because it had been bestowed on the brotherhood by the King, he expressed a wish that it might be destroyed by some visitation from heaven. One provident minister endeavoured to compromise the matter with posterity by erecting a

building which was considerably beyond what his own taste approved, lest his successors should be tempted to build something yet finer. But the taste for architecture was not to be suppressed for ever. Stone was soon substituted for the wood and clay of an earlier time; and we find the Minorites of London raising a magnificent church, with pillars and pavement all of marble, and with gorgeous windows presented by a host of munificent patrons.

In respect of learning the deviation from the original rule was no less remarkable. St. Francis set his face so sternly against the cultivation of letters that he would not even allow one of his brethren the use of a breviary, and above all he abominated the subtleties of the schoolmen as unprofitable and mischievous. Yet, in no long time, his Order produced the very subtlest schoolmen of all, while the name of Roger Bacon may serve to prove that physical science also found its votaries among the Franciscans. And while the humble chapel of the original settlers in "Stynkyng-lane" was succeeded by the splendid church which we have mentioned, a library was also provided on a corresponding scale, chiefly at the cost of one whose name is dear to all good children—"Venerabilis vir Ricardus Wyttington, mercer et maior Londonie." But worse changes also took place. Discords and jealousies arose among the members of the Order, and, in other respects, it had become not a pattern, but a scandal. Matthew Paris (a hostile writer, yet not to be disregarded) tells us that within forty years the Franciscans had degenerated more than other bodies had done in three, or even four hundred years; he taxes them with pomp, luxury, and excessive rapacity; with contempt of all other Orders, and with thrusting out the secular clergy from the bedsides of their dying parishioners in order that the Mendicants might dictate wills in their own favour. Of the defects which the Order presented as a mark for satirists, from Chaucer to Buchanan, we need say nothing beyond a bare allusion.

The second division of the Franciscan volume contains the Letters of Adam de Marisco (or Marsh), an eminent Minorite doctor of Oxford. Many of these letters are addressed to Bishop Grostete, of Lincoln; and although we cannot pretend to have looked very deeply into them, we imagine that they will be found the most valuable part of the book, and that they will be of much use to future writers on English and monastic history. Dr. Pauli, we may observe, expresses his regret that in his time they were only to be found in the "very illegible manuscript" which Mr. Brewer has now kindly deciphered for us. (*Gesch. v. Engl.*, iii. 892.) The letters are followed by a third part, containing documents of the London Franciscans, and by an appendix of miscellaneous pieces. Among these are some poems of an anonymous writer who had once been a probationer for the Order, but had become a follower of Wyclif. The readers of *Maud* may be comforted (or sorry) to hear that, if there are tricks in trade now, the "smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue," who wields the "cheating yard-wand" in our day had his prototypes in the fourteenth century:—

Si status conspicimus, nullus excusatur,  
Quod in shopis venditur, male mensuratur,  
Quilibet perjuris vel fraude lucratur,  
Sed quod sic acquiritur, adquirens furatur.

The buildings of the Franciscans are thus touched on:—

With an O and an I, destructis fundatis,  
Nova statim construant, pecuniis paratis,  
Non est monasterium tam possessionatum,  
Nec rex, nec episcopus, ut satis est probatum,  
Habens opus aliquod tam cito paratum,  
Sicut qui cotidie vadit mendicatum.

There are also some English verses, which will supply, among other things, an illustration of Chaucer's description of the Friere as having his

tippet aye farsed ful of knives  
And pinnes, for to given fayre wives.

Mr. Brewer's preface is vigorously written, but we cannot say that we are satisfied with its tone. While he is by no means an idealist as to the Middle Ages in general (indeed we believe that his picture of a mediæval town is darker in some respects than the reality would warrant), he cries up St. Francis in a style which is not only extravagant but self-contradictory. He admires the founder of the Minorites for his contempt of learning, and he admires the Order for having gone round to the very opposite point in this respect. He lauds St. Francis for the foresight displayed in his rule, and, almost in the same breath, he shows us how this foresight was utterly defeated by the result of the system. In opposition to all the ordinary evidence, he tells us "that poverty, rigid poverty, to the last continued to be the rule rather than the exception with the Minorite friars;" and in proof of this he cites the cases of two Franciscan houses which were found to be very poor at the dissolution under Henry VIII. But, even if all the Franciscan houses in England had been badly off in Henry's reign, the circumstance might be merely a proof that a fraternity which had taken only forty years to fall scandalously away from its first discipline, had in the course of three hundred years lost its popularity and attractiveness. Mr. Brewer is fond of sneering at the present age in a fashion which we must call purely silly. Thus, after telling us of the harshness with which lepers and the poor were treated by "the political economists" of the Middle Ages, he goes on:—"Had St. Francis followed the example of the economists of our days, it is not improbable that he and his Order might have stood higher in the esti-

mation of those who have remained faithful to the traditions of this ancient school." What, we may ask, is the meaning of this attempt at sarcasm? How was St. Francis to "follow the example of" an unborn and distant generation? Why should the barbarity of his contemporaries be described as the practice of "our days?" What utter calumny it is to represent the legal treatment of the poor in our own time (defective as in some respects it may be) as if it bore any resemblance to that which we know from the Statute-book to have been in use during ages when, according to some idealists, the poor of the country were all plentifully and tenderly relieved by the wealth of the religious communities. And what utter absurdity to suggest that any one who may now question the wisdom of the Franciscan institutions must be desirous to shut out lepers from all the consolations of society and religion, and to deal with beggars by branding, mutilation, and the gallows!

Mr. Brewer sometimes speaks of the Minorites "in their degeneracy," but he says nothing of the rapidity with which the Order degenerated, and we are left to inquire for ourselves why this decline was so speedy. The history of the Franciscans was, in truth, but a new and a more striking illustration of a rule which may be traced throughout monastic history, from the times of Antony and Pachomius, through Benedict, Columban, the Cluniacs, and the Orders which originated in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. At the rise of each Order we see an overstrained idea of sanctity embraced with zeal by enthusiastic spirits. The zeal cools in time, while the form of the institution remains; and thus monasticism is continually alternating between decay and revival. It would seem, then, that in proportion as the idea of any particular community is overstrained, the decline is more likely to be rapid; and so it proved with the Franciscans. Bishop Grosst  t  , although a friend of the Order, would appear to have distrusted its chief principles from the first; for we are told by Eccleston that he warned the friars against a neglect of learning, and that, after having in a sermon described mendicancy as the highest step in the ladder which leads to heaven, he privately told a brother that there was a step yet higher—namely, to live by the labour of one's own hands. St. Francis did his best to guard against dangers which had been fatal to earlier societies; but his provisions were neglected, or evil, however carefully shut out, found an entrance in some unsuspected quarter. The system was one of those which from time to time produce immediate good, but which have no permanence, because they depend on an excitement which cannot last in a succession of men, and which, if it should reappear at a later time, will then probably require some new form for its manifestation.

In judging of Mr. Brewer's success as an editor of the text, we must take into consideration the peculiar difficulties which, as he tells us, are presented by Franciscan manuscripts. The authorities of the Order were exceedingly stingy in their allowance of parchment, and the poor friars were consequently obliged to employ all manner of crabbed contractions by way of husbanding their materials. In many cases it is evident that the editor has not hit on the right readings; but in our gratitude for what he has done, we are willing to believe that, on the whole, the work could not have been done better. We have, however, noticed some mistakes of other kinds. For instance, at page 255, Mr. Brewer describes a certain letter as written "in behalf of the Bishop of Anianum," while in his table of contents he calls this same personage "Bishop of Anio." Where the cities of Anio and Anianum are, or how *Anianus* could be an adjective formed from either name, the plan of the series does not require the editor to inform us. But it is evident from the letter itself, that the person in question was not a bishop before his appointment to St. Asaph; and that the word *Anianus* is nothing else than the Latin form of his proper name, which may or may not have been the same with that of St. Aignan of Orleans. Such a blunder as this recalls to our minds the "comic edition" of Fox's *Martyrs*, with Dr. Maitland's unsparing exposures of the editor. In a gentleman of Mr. Brewer's pretensions it is really astonishing. There is, however, something yet more astonishing at page xl., where, after a sort of apology for the Mariolatry of the Franciscans, we find this note:—

Even in their degeneracy, Chaucer, a Wickliffite, and therefore not favourable to the friars, notices their encouragement of marriage.

A frere ther was, a wantoun and a merye,  
A lymytour, a ful solemne man,  
In alle the orders foure is non that can  
So much of daliaunce and fair langage.  
He had ymade ful many a mariage  
Of yonge wymmen, at his owen cost.

Is it possible that Mr. Brewer can be so innocent as not to understand the insinuation of the last two lines? If so, we may refer him to the account of Franciscan morals which is to be found at pp. 602-4 of his own volume.

#### SALA'S JOURNEY DUE NORTH.\*

IN this volume we have, in a collected form, the letters on Russia communicated by Mr. Sala to a London weekly magazine in the summer of 1856. We do not say that these papers, embodying as they do the observations of a clever man

on a subject of special interest, were not worth rescuing from the files of an old newspaper, and presenting in a more permanent form to the reading public: but we do say that their author would have done well to revise them more carefully, and to chasten a little the flippant exuberance of his style, before issuing them in what amounts to a second edition. In the work of so practised a *litterateur* we might have hoped to be spared such careless blunders as, for example, the portentous compound "Finding-of-the-Body-of-Harold-ophobia" (in which, from the context, the writer seems to think that *phobia* means a fondness for a thing); or, again, when a man makes pretensions to linguistic power, such spelling as *leider*, or *Fumden Blad*; or such slips of the pen as "a strata;" or such grammar as *miserere me*. Perhaps we have no right to complain of a journalist's audacity in coining such an epithet as "sleazy" for a woman's shawl, or of his taste in describing the entrance of a new-comer on the scene as "a bearded party." The habit of producing so much copy in a given time for the daily or weekly press encourages a fatal fluency, and an utter indifference to the niceties of language. But an offence which may be excused under such circumstances becomes unpardonable when repeated in cold blood by an author who revises his works for a new impression in the dignity of a collected volume. And this slovenliness of composition is not the worst literary fault which we have to impute to Mr. Sala. The whole style of his book, from the first page to the *Envoi*, is insufferably inflated and spasmodic. It is one tissue of affected, overstrained, laborious *badinage*. Everything is exaggerated and turned into ridicule. Any thought or fancy that may be started is forthwith worried to death. Mr. Dickens is out-Dickensed by this imitator of his overwrought style of word-painting. We are no great admirers of that gentleman's later works; but we knew not how much he had to answer for till we saw how he is parodied by his followers. Anything more tedious—nay, more impossible—than a continuous reading of Mr. Sala's letters we cannot imagine. One gets tired even of Joe Miller after a time. Gooseberry-fool would become cloying if it were served up at every meal for a twelvemonth. It may be doubted whether Mr. Thackeray did wisely in collecting for his *Miscellanies* his scattered contributions to *Punch* and *Fraser*, full as they are of true humour and profound observation of life. But there can be no question that the quips and conceits of the *Household Words* own correspondent, however acceptable they may have been at their original intervals of publication, are thoroughly wearisome when occupying three hundred consecutive pages of small print. We confess that though in the conscientious fulfilment of our task as reviewers we have perused the whole of this volume, it was nothing but a sense of duty that carried us beyond the first two chapters. Candour compels us to admit that we should have been in some degree the losers had we stopped short; for the author has in reality no inconsiderable powers of observation, and he has succeeded in giving a vivid picture of certain salient points in Russian society. But the two introductory chapters, under the affected headings, "I begin my journey," "I am aboard the *Prussian Eagle*,"—written, we presume, to meet the hebdomadal demands of the original serial—are flatness and stupidity itself. It used to be the stock jest against an unhappy preacher that, in order to eke out the requisite length of sermon, he would ring the changes upon what a thing was *not* before he came to what it is. Our lay teachers do not disdain the same expedient for filling their papers. Mr. Sala, for example, no sooner reaches the Belgian frontier, than he begins to rant as to where he is *not* going. He is not going to leave behind, he tells us, the use of knives and forks, nor railways, nor mixed pickles, nor pale ale. And—we may remark in passing—this grotesque juxtaposition or accumulation of particulars is really a fair specimen of the fun of the volume. He continues: "I am not bound for the Ethiopio-Christian empire of Prester John; I am not bound to sail for the island of Barataria; my passport is not made out for the kingdom of Utopia," &c. &c.

Presently he recites the style of Lord Clarendon, under whose Foreign Office Passport he is travelling. And then the reader is bored to death with witless allusions to it. "George William Frederick Earl of Clarendon, Baron Hyde of Hinton, wo'n't hear of that." "The Earl and Baron insists on stamping and numbering me." "George William Frederick pounces upon me." And afterwards you find yourself puzzled by obscure references to a Lord Hyde, as interfering with the traveller's free agency, the late Foreign Secretary's higher title being dropped altogether. Well, at last he gets to Berlin, and finds the *Preussischer Adler*, in which he was to sail to Cronstadt, under repair at Stettin, the navigation of the Gulf of Finland being still ice-bound. Upon this we have a ridiculous description, in the true Dickens manner, of the dismasted ship. The Oder, in which she is lying, is "a fearsome river: the steamer 'has taken to her bed,' has 'some cutaneous disorder,' 'looks such a woe-begone, moulting, tail-less, broken-beaked bird,' 'looks as if she had abandoned herself to despair.'" In course of time the ship is refitted, and sets out on her voyage. Then we have an equally forced description of her trim and taut equipment. And, when she is at sea, we are favoured with a minute and funny picture of the commander and passengers. Each of the latter is of course a character. There is a German sea-captain, an English old maid, a French actress, and a Russian gentleman. Each is a grotesque exaggeration. We don't believe that these comic descriptions in any way represent the originals. We don't

\* *A Journey Due North; being Notes of a Residence in Russia in the Summer of 1856.* By George Augustus Sala. London: Bentley. 1858.



believe there were any such originals to be described. If any English lady, who could by any possibility be identified with Miss Wapps, did actually take her passage for Cronstadt on May 17th, 1856—all we can say is that Mr. Sala deserves a good horsewhipping. But it is all fictitious. His characters have neither life nor nature in them. They are the very dullest of creations and the most unreal and heavy of caricatures. Nothing would be easier than to write a description in this style of an omnibus journey from Hackney to the Bank with a full account of all one's fellow-travellers. There is not a trace of local colour in the whole narrative of the voyage from Stettin, and Mr. Sala might well have written it—perhaps did write it—before he left London. It is a real injury to literature—this fluent style of would-be-jocular word-spinning; and it is surprising that the conceit and egotism of writers of this school can be tolerated by any large body of readers. We could quote scores of passages meant to be smart, but really succeeding only in exemplifying the inordinate vanity of the writer, were it not mere waste of space to do so.

Arrived at St. Petersburg, Mr. Sala improves the matter, if not the manner, of his lucubrations. His method is to make each letter a monograph on some special phase of Russian life. It is not easy to combine these sketches into a whole, and it is impossible not to feel that many touches are wanting from a finished picture; still we are presented with some vivid aspects of Muscovite society and civilization not by any means to be discredited, though not perhaps to be accepted as strictly true without considerable qualifications.

The well-known type of the "Ischvostchik," or droshky driver, is the first portrait; and the peculiar costume, the brutish ignorance, the drunkenness, the filthy habits, and the perpetual vapouring of this degraded class are somewhat forcibly drawn. Next comes "the Droshky" itself; and "the Czar's Highway" naturally follows. The state of the general roads of communication in the Russian Empire has often been described by travellers as most execrable. But we do not remember before to have seen it noticed that the pavement of the best quarters of St. Petersburg itself is in a chronic state of dislocation, owing to the sinking of the piles upon which the whole city is built, the action of frost, and the encroachments of the Neva. There is something strangely Oriental in the universal Russian custom of centralizing all ordinary trade in a general bazaar for the sale of merchandise and provisions. Such an institution is found, not only on an immense scale in Moscow and St. Petersburg, but in every town of the least importance. Of the omnigenous contents of the Gostinnoi-dvor (literally *Cour aux choses*—Things-yard) of the latter capital, Mr. Sala's inventory-like style qualifies him for giving a very sufficient description. He is less happy in his chapter on Merchants and Money-Changers. Knowing little enough, seemingly, about the subject in hand, he indulges in numerous digressions, such as female costume at home, and a parallel—which, though having some striking analogies, does not go on all fours—between the two extreme civilizations of Asia, those of China, and Russia. What resemblance, we may ask, can be found between the fanatical enthusiasm of the Russian and the sceptical indifference of the Chinese population? Mr. Sala seems to us to have wholly failed to do justice to the religious element of the Russian national character. Indeed, for all that appears, he never entered a place of worship or attended a service during his stay in the country. Does he know that the Greek Church, whatever may be its errors, is a part of the general body of Christendom? Beyond a frequent passing sneer at the Icons as "josses," and at the reverent, or—if you will—superstitious, customs of the daily life of all but the dominant aristocracy as "idolatrous," this writer seems never to have considered the enormous influence of religious feeling on the unenlightened mind of the masses in Russia. This is one of the strangest omissions or oversights in the volume before us: and the defect abates considerably from the degree of credit to be properly attached to the judgment of a traveller so narrow-minded or else so unobservant.

If the picture of a Sloboda, or village, given by our author, is in any way to be trusted, it may be asserted that nothing more hopelessly wretched and degraded can be found on the face of the earth. Here is the description of a scarcity in a Crown village, which he says is no very uncommon event:—

Then the wretched villagers, after having eaten their dogs, their cats, and the leather of their boots; after being seen scraping together handfuls of vermin to devour; after going out into the woods, and gnawing the bark off the trees; after swallowing clay and weeds to deceive their stomachs; after lying in wait, with agonized wistfulness, for one solitary traveller to whom they can lift their hands to beg alms; after having undergone all this, they go out from their famine-stricken houses into the open fields and waste places, and those that are sickening build a kind of tilt-awning hut, with bent twigs covered with rage, over those that are sick, and they rot first and die afterwards. In families such as these the people turn black, like negroes; whole families go naked; and though, poor wretches, they would steal the nails from horses' shoes, the crank and staple from a gibbet, or the trepanning from a man's skull, they refrain wondrously from cannibalism, from mutual violence, and from anything like organized depredations on the highway; they fear the Czar and the police to the last gasp.

Why not say "they fear God," as well as the Czar and the police? Nothing shall persuade us that the millions of Russian serfs, however abject their lot may be, are entirely without some ennobling religious sentiments, or some of the higher qualities of our common humanity. It is treason against nature as well as grace to represent a large part of the family of mankind as

hopelessly and irremediably sunk in brutishness; and a writer does his best to justify an abominable despotism and the tyranny of the stick who, for the sake of giving point to his declamation, practically denies to an enslaved population the capacity of freedom and of elevation in the social scale. We should believe Mr. Sala more readily if there were some little relief to the gloom of his portraiture. The practical realities of peasant life are, romance apart, coarse and revolting enough in far more favoured countries: and we can well believe that the lot of a Russian serf is peculiarly miserable and debased. Still, there must be redeeming features, which an unprejudiced observer would perceive and an honest narrator would chronicle. Exaggeration defeats its own end; and you refuse to be persuaded when you have reason to think that it is a special pleader and not a witness who is addressing you.

The following is a Russian gentleman's compendious description of an average cottage, and Mr. Sala endorses the truth of it. "The Moujik's house is dark, and made of wood; the floor is grey; the walls are grey, and the roof is grey; you can cut the smell of oily fish and cabbage-soup with a hatchet; and at night—*vous entendrez aboyer les punaises*." In such hovels, grouped on sour, marshy, unvarnished plains, entirely without trees, but surrounded by decaying dust heaps, the Russian serfs, in constant dread of caning from every one superior in rank, drag out a joyless existence, cowering round the central stove by day, sleeping upon it by night, and being laid out upon it when dead. Mr. Sala can detect no beauty, no gaiety—nothing but premature age, pining and despair—even among the women and children. This is his description of a peasant-girl—

There is a Baba, who is sitting listlessly on a rough-hewn bench at the door of one of the homogeneous hovels. She is not quite unoccupied, for she has the head of a gawky girl of ten on her knee, and is—well, I need not describe the universal pastime with which uncleanly nations fill up their leisure time. The Baba is of middle size: a strong, well-hung, likely wench enough. Her face and arms are burnt to a most disagreeable tawny, tan brown: the colour of the pig-skin of a second-hand saddle that has been hanging for months—exposed to every weather—outside a broker's shop in Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane, London, is perhaps the closest image I can give of her face's hue. . . . The forehead low and receding. The roots of the hair of a dirty straw-colour (growing in alarmingly close proximity to the eyebrows). . . . Set very close together in this brown face are two eyes, respectable as to size, and light blue in colour, which, as the orbs themselves are lustreless and void of speculation, has a very weird—not to say horrifying—effect. The nose broad, thick, unshapely, as if the *os nasi* had been suddenly covered up with a lump of clay, but that no refinements of moulding, no hesitating compromises between the Roman, the pug and the snub had been gone through. . . . The nostrils are wide apart, quite circular, and seemingly punched rather than perforated, with a violent contempt of reference to the requirements of symmetry of position. The mouth is not bad—lips red enough—teeth remarkably sound and white—and the entire features would be pleasant, but that the mouth-corners are drawn down, and that the under lip is pendulous—not sensuously, but senselessly. The chin has a curious triangular dimple in the centre; for all the organs of hearing visible, the Baba might be as earless—she is certainly as unabashed—as Defoe; the neck is the unmitigated bull pattern: short, clumsy, thickest, and not, I am afraid, very graceful in a young female; the shoulders broad and rounded; . . . the feet are large, long, and flat, the hands not very large, but terribly corrugated as to their visible venous economy.

Of Russian town life Mr. Sala tells us very little that is new; for we reject as mere fictions his far-fetched account of the humours and excesses of the guests at Heyde's hotel. And the chapter entitled "High Jinks at Christoffsky"—an annual festival kept by the German residents of St. Petersburg on one of the islands of the Neva—is a somewhat stupid extravaganza. The working of the police system—of which nothing too severe can be said—is described under the infelicitous title of the Great Russian Boguey. We wish it were no more real or substantial evil than a Boguey—if that be the right spelling of that terror of nurseries. Finally, there is a chapter on the Tehnordi Narod, or Black People, meaning thereby the mass of the population—the gist of which is to show that a Russian mob is the rarest thing in the world, but that it is of fatal omen when once assembled. The author, we observe, has the candour to admit that the knout is very seldom now used—never, indeed, but for murder and brigandage: but the stick, the whip, and the rod, are of hourly use throughout this vast empire.

Our notice of this volume will have shown that the author confirms many of our current impressions about Russia. We can scarcely say that he adds much to our existing stock of knowledge. Had he been more impartial, less anxious for effect, and more forgetful of self, he would have turned his observations to a better account, and might have taught us a great deal more.

#### SEA-SIDE STUDIES.\*

WITH all his faults, Mr. Lewes is one of the most remarkable writers of the present day. Oxford may shudder at his *History of Philosophy*, and better authorities than any of those who utter their oracles on the banks of the Isis may chide him for want of knowledge of his subject when he discusses the thinkers of Germany. He may lay himself open to the charge of want of taste, and of other and higher things than taste; but nevertheless it cannot be denied that the author of the best biography of Goethe has inherited no inconsiderable portion of the spirit of the great modern "master of those who know."

\* *Sea-Side Studies at Ilfracombe, Tenby, the Scilly Isles, and Jersey.* By George Henry Lewes. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Son.

His many-sidedness and versatility are indeed perfectly astonishing. Distinguished as a novelist, as an essayist, as a critic, full of imagination and of light cleverness, he has shown himself capable of the most prolonged and elaborate microscopical studies, and of wide-sweeping deductions from them. His merits as a wit and *littérateur* have been long acknowledged, and now we begin to hear him spoken of with respect by persons of the first scientific eminence. Few men are more abused by specialists of all kinds, and doubtless from their own point of view the specialists are right; but Mr. Lewes follows the bent of his own disposition, as they do theirs; and the public, which is largely benefited by both, can afford to see what is good on either side without becoming involved in a quarrel which arises from the very nature of things.

The work before us would be remarkable even if it were only a record of what the author has observed and learned in a field of research very far removed from that in which he has hitherto been most successful. It aims, however, at much more than this. Its object is not only to amuse the general reader, but to awaken the interest and even to extend the knowledge of the comparative anatomist and the embryologist. Those who concern themselves with zoology simply from a delight in natural objects, and those who investigate the most complex problems of growth and generation, will alike find something to please them. We have but one objection to the book. It was originally published in a periodical, and is copiously interlarded with paragraphs in the accredited magazine style, quite unworthy of a writer with a reputation to lose. This, however, is an evil which can easily be corrected, and the sacrifice of a few pages would make *Sea-Side Studies* not unworthy to take its place beside the *Life of Goethe*.

Mr. Lewes started for Ilfracombe in the sunny weather of April, 1856. The quiet German-looking town, which fashion and sea-side toilettes have not yet effectually vulgarized, is situated, as most of our readers know, upon the coast of Devon. Sands it cannot boast, and consequently it is less adapted for open air lounging than many watering places. For the marine naturalist, however, sands have no charm. He prefers the slippery boulders and the dark rock pools, and these are abundant at Ilfracombe. In the first chapter, Mr. Lewes describes a long day of sea-beast hunting, not unsuccessful, but still signalized by no very brilliant achievements. In the second, he recounts those higher pleasures which begin when all the treasures which have been collected are sorted and identified. Then the microscope is produced, and the trained eye and quick spirit begin to see things unseen before, and to discover new truths and subtle relations not yet revealed to man. The joy of the sportsman has, as Mr. Lewes well observes, only a to-day, but the naturalist has also a to-morrow. It would be unwise to disparage any pleasure which is at once healthful and innocent; but the sportsman who confines himself to the woods and waters of his own neighbourhood seldom meets with any form which is new to him, while the gatherer of molluscs and actiniae has at once the excitement of search and capture and the pleasure of increasing his knowledge. In this second chapter there are also some pretty bits of description, and more annelid anatomy than the uninitiated will care for.

The researches of Mr. Lewes at Tenby were on the whole very successful. A fine specimen of the *Pholas Dactylus*, which he sent to a friend, leads him to comment with very reasonable severity upon the large assumptions which, although out of fashion in many branches of science, are still unhesitatingly made in zoology. It has been asserted that it is by the action of an acid that this animal bores, in spite of its delicate shell, into the solid rock; and yet no one has ever detected this acid, while it would be hard to prove that if it were indeed secreted the calcareous shell as well as the limestone rock would not be affected by it. Further on, the examination of a dead cuttle-fish, and the discovery of an action after death in the globules in a strip of its skin, refute the rash opinion that the expansion and contraction of these globules depend upon the will of the animal, and give occasion to the following very excellent remarks:—

No speculative chemist is allowed to call a substance an acid which will unite with no base, and which exhibits none of the properties of an acid; no physicist is allowed to assume the existence of electricity where none of the conditions of electricity exist, and none of the phenomena (except those to be explained) are manifest. But we who study biology in any department, whether physiology, zoology, or botany, are allowed by the laxity of current practice, and the want of a doctrine, to call a coloured speck an eye, in the absence of all proofs of its having the structure or properties of an eye; we are allowed to assume the existence of nerves where no trace of a nerve is discernible; we are allowed to drag in "electricity" or the "will" as efficient causes of anything we do not understand; and we fill text-books and treatises with errors which give way before the first sceptic who investigates them. . . .

"Forewarned, forearmed." Students once having their attention called to the necessity of scepticism in zoology, will soon find abundant occasion for its exercise. We should as much as possible keep the mind in a state of loose moorings, not firmly anchoring on any ground unless our charts are full of explicit detail; not believing (but simply acquiescing, and that in a provisional way) in any fact which is not clear in the light of its own evidence, or which, in default of our having verified it for ourselves, has the trustworthy verification of another. This sounds like a truism; but it is not my fault if it be necessary to enforce a truism.

Sea-anemones have risen of late to the rank of domestic animals, and it would be strange if Mr. Lewes had overlooked them. He does not, however, rest satisfied with repeating the facts about their history with which numerous manuals have made *amateurs* familiar—nay, he boldly challenges some of these

facts, arraigning them as little better than fictions. In particular, he examines the hypothesis which assigns to the filaments and "urticating cells" of the Actiniae a power to paralyse and destroy the animals which come within their influence. By careful observation he has ascertained, to his own satisfaction, that much that has been advanced upon this subject is the result, not of experiment, but of deduction, and he takes occasion from this to repeat and enforce the maxims of a wise Pyrrhonism.

The Scilly group was the hunting-ground of another year. We are surprised to learn that these islands are by no means so rich in marine animals as their position, climate, and extensive seaboard would have led us, as they led Mr. Lewes, to expect. We are glad that he has given some prominence to this fact, because we know few places upon the English coast which beckon more perseveringly to the zoological student who has only the map to guide him. Some years ago Dr. Acland employed M. Victor Carus to dredge and explore in the Scilly archipelago. He has recorded an unfavourable verdict; and Mr. Lewes, although much more fortunate, does not give a very encouraging report. Zoophytes are indeed peculiarly abundant, and there are hosts of fishes; but the rocks are granite, and many a hopeful looking reef is drear and barren.

We have spoken strongly about the unfortunate style in which some parts of this book are written. It is only right to quote a passage taken from a disquisition on the connexion of light and life which is suggested to Mr. Lewes by some of his experiences in Scilly, as an example of what he can do when he writes to please himself, not to tickle the ears of the most odious kind of cockney:—

And now, reader, as you ramble through the corn-fields and see the shadows running over them, remember that every wandering cloud which floats in the blue deep retards the vital activity of every plant on which its shadows fall. Look on all flowers, fruits, and leaves, as air-woven children of the light. Learn to look at the sun with other eyes, and not to think of it as remote in space, but nearly and momentarily connected with us and all living things. Astronomy may measure the mighty distance which separates us from that blazing pivot of life; but biology throws a luminous arch which spans those millions upon millions of miles, and brings us and the sun together. Far away blazes that great centre of force, from which issues the mystic influence,

"Striking the electric chain wherewith we're darkly bound."

For myriads and myriads of years has this radiation of force gone on; and now stored-up force lies quiescent in coal fields of vast extent, once all pure sunlight hurrying through the silent air, passing into primeval forests, before man was made, and now lying black, quiet, slumbering, but ready to awaken into blazing activity at the bidding of human skill. From light the coal fields came, to light they return. From light come the prairies and meadow lands, the heathery moors, the reedy swamps, the solemn forests, and the smiling corn-fields, orchards, gardens; all are air-woven children of light.

The traveller who passes from the somewhat bleak expanse of Scilly to the corn-fields of the Channel Islands enjoys the same sensations which are experienced by him who, turning his back upon the Finisterre, moves eastward into Normandy. The Americans, says Mr. Lewes, call England a garden; and what England is to America, that Jersey is to England.

In the description of the days spent by Mr. Lewes at Jersey, occurs a long and abstruse discussion of the theory of Parthenogenesis. He believes this phenomenon to be, not a *deviation*, but a *derivation* from the ordinary laws of reproduction. This portion of his work will excite very considerable attention in the scientific world. Some speculations upon vision will also be read with interest, as well as certain facts which seem to throw grave doubt upon the whole theory of nervous action as it is at present accepted.

#### CASTRÉN ON THE ALTAIC RACES.\*

LADY PSYCHE, in her celebrated lecture reported by the poet of *The Princess*, lays down that—

The highest is the measure of the man,  
And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,  
Nor those horn-handed breakers of the glebe,  
But Homer, Plato, Verulam.

Assuming the special truth of her ladyship's proposition, the so-called Altaic races—to one of which, the Finnish, Mathias Alexander Castrén belonged—would indeed take an honourable rank in the world's table of precedence. Feeble in frame and worn by illness, his perseverance and daring, his passionate love for his people and his science, enabled him for a time to triumph over the hardships that beset him in his extraordinary journeys through Lapland and Siberia. And when at last he died in harness, the first martyr of philology, he left behind him, besides a version of the Kalevala, his national epic, a crowd of monographs on the languages and ethnography of the tribes to whose illustration he was especially devoted. These monographs, the value of which it would be hard to over-estimate, are now in course of publication by the St. Petersburg Academy. Of the last which has reached this country, comprising a series of lectures delivered in the University of Helsingfors, we shall now render some account.

In the introduction, after some general remarks on the study of language, Castrén dwells on the importance of philology, and

\* M. Alexander Castrén: *Ueber die Alttaischen Völker nebst Samojedischen Märchen und Tatarischen Heldensagen*. Im Auftrage der Kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften herausgegeben von Anton Schiefner. St. Petersburg. 1857.



still more of comparative ethnography, as a means of gaining insight into the primal condition of the Finns and other peoples possessing no history in the higher sense of the word. An example of the value of the latter science in precipitating the historic truth so often held in solution by a popular myth, is furnished by the following observations, which will be read with interest by all who have studied the German or Swedish version of the Kalevala:—

It is related in our ancient lays, that the three heroes of Kalevala, Väinämöinen, Ilmarinen, and Lemminkäinen, betook themselves, one after another, to Pohjola, to woo and bring home the beautiful Pohja-daughter. But Pohjola and Kalevala were bitterly hostile to each other; none of the wooers, therefore, had any hope in the result. They confidently expected that the bride they were to embrace could be no other than Death. Nevertheless they persisted in their resolution to win to wife the beautiful Virgin, and with this view they undertook expedition after expedition. According to the account of these journeys contained in the Kalevala, it was the maiden's beauty and sweetness that prevailed on our heroes to stake their lives in order to see their wish fulfilled. Finally, Ilmarinen succeeded, but his spouse soon died, and he began to look about him for another. Whither did he turn? Again to Pohjola, to the man-destroying Pohjola. But as he had no longer any intention of taking a consort from thence, he attempted to forge a wife out of silver and gold. It would accordingly appear as if Pohjola had been the only place where the heroes of Kalevala could seek brides for themselves. But why would they not turn with this view to the daughters of their own country? To this question Comparative Ethnography alone can make a satisfactory answer. It is an universal custom with all those Finnish, Turkish, Mongolic, Tungusian, Samoyedian, and the other related peoples who have hitherto retained their primitive customs, never to contract marriage in one and the same tribe; but, just like our heroes of aforetime, even now every Samoyede, every Ostyak, &c., for better or worse, must get him a wife from a foreign tribe. This comparison, moreover, gives us the important result, that the primitive Finns were divided into distinct stems; and one may assume with tolerable certainty, that their government, as well as their whole condition, must have been nearly of the same nature as those of the related peoples are at the present day.

After a passing fling at certain craniologists who have bungled in the solution of some problems connected with the Finnish races, and an expression of opinion that little in this respect can be expected from physiology save under the guidance of the philologist and ethnographer, Castrén proceeds on philological grounds to include these races in the common name of the *Altaic* peoples. Because, he says, in the grey dawn of history they all—Finns, Turks, Samoyedes, Mongols, Tungusians, &c., appear to have inhabited that part of Asia which borders on the Altaic mountain-chain. Let us here remark that Castrén would probably have considered the term "Altaic" not only narrow, but inaccurate, if he had lived to become familiar with the "Altaic" inscriptions relating to Darius Hystaspes, which have been discovered at Behistun, as well as with the fact that Rask's suggestion of the relationship between the tongues of Southern India and those of Northern Asia, Finland, Lapland, Hungary, and Turkey, has been amply confirmed by Mr. Caldwell's "Comparative Grammar of the Dravidian Languages," and Professor Max Müller's essay on the Turanian dialects, contained in Bunsen's *Outlines of the Philosophy of Universal History*. The term "Tatar" will not answer, as it has already acquired five distinct meanings, to say nothing of its synonymousness with Barbarian. "Turanian" is not sufficiently comprehensive, Turan being really only the Persian name of that part of the western highlands of Asia which abuts on the Caspian, and which has so long been inhabited by Turkish tribes, between whose ethnic name and Turan there seems an etymological connexion. We submit that "Indo-Scythian"—which we venture to recommend—has the advantage of being wide enough to comprise all the so-called Altaic races from Lapland to Cape Comorin; while, owing to the indeterminate manner in which the name *Σκῑθαι* has been used by Herodotus and other Greeks, the employment of the compound term does not necessarily involve confusion or inaccuracy. Castrén's great argument in favour of his classification rests, as we have hinted, on the fact that all the "Altaic" languages come under the category of agglutinative tongues, distinguished on the one side from the monosyllabic, crystallized Chinese—caseless, moodless, tenseless, and making no distinction between the various parts of speech—and on the other from the Indo-European or flexional languages, where the idea and the means of expressing its relation are not, as in the Indo-Scythian tongues, different elements, but form a single unseverable word. Shall we hold, with Wilhelm von Humboldt and others, that this unity has arisen from the free development of the base, without any external additions—that "even as the plant develops from its root stalk, leaf, and blossom, so has the word brought forth from its root the parts which serve to express its formal relations"? Or shall we not rather believe with Bopp, and Pott, and Castrén, that our flexional languages were once agglutinative, and that the so-called process of agglutination is nothing but composition—the inflexional elements having originally been separate words? In connexion with this we may observe that Bopp's theory, that the *s* in the nominative singular of Indo-European masculine and feminine nouns originated in the agglutination of the pronominal stem *sa*, fem. *sā*, may be illustrated by reference to optional forms, like the nominative singular neuter *ponnadu* (gold) in classical Tamil (etymologically, *gold—that*), from *pon* and *adu*, the neuter demonstrative.

In his luminous survey of the various Indo-Scythian races, Castrén begins at the east of Asia, and treats first of the Tungusians, a branch of whom, the Mandshu, has ruled China since 1644. Scattered over Eastern Siberia are various clans of Tungusian nomads, amounting in round numbers to

50,000, given to make raids on each other, and according to Fischer (*Siberische Geschichte*, s. 110), lively, jolly (*aufgewecktes*), and "gifted by nature with good understandings." They call themselves various names—*e. g.*, Boje (human being), Donki (people), Lamut (from *lamu*, sea)—and are classed by the Mandshu under the general term of Orotschon (reindeer-owner). Among the Tungusians, who support themselves by hunting, the love of nomadism prevails to an unparalleled extent. Like other Siberian savages, they possess tents; these, however, they often will not take the trouble of carrying about, "and roam often whole months through forest and plain, without ever having shelter save that which they find in the hollow of a snowdrift, at the foot of a tree, or in the cleft of a rock." They delight in dressing themselves with care, and tattoo their hands and faces. Their religion is Shamanism. The first glimpses we get in history of these Tungusians are afforded by the Chinese chronicles, which state that, in the fourth century *a. c.*, the Satschin, a still existing clan, brought the Chinese—we presume by way of tribute—arrows furnished with points of hard stone. But a fuller notice is found at *a. d.* 263, when the same clan, then called Yleu, sent the dynasty Goey a tribute consisting of arrows, bows, armour, and sable-skins:—

The land wherein the Yleu dwell was very mountainous, and the climate extraordinarily cold. The inhabitants, however, practised agriculture. Their manners were rude. They had neither princes nor chieftains; but their villages, which were situated amidst forests and mountains, were governed by the oldest people. Many of them dwelt in caves, and had neither cattle nor sheep, but a great number of swine, on whose flesh they lived, while they clad themselves in their skins. In winter they smeared their bodies with fat, to protect themselves against the cold; in summer they went naked, except that they wore an apron. They were a very dirty, stinking people, and never washed themselves. Writing they had none—their contracts were all made by word of mouth. Before beginning their meals, they used to tread on their meat; and if it were frozen, to sit upon it, so as to make it soft and tender. Salt and iron were wanting in that land. The substitute for the first was a lye of ashes. Men as well as women wore their hair plaited. When a man wished to marry, he decked his beloved's head with feathers, and paid the dowry; whether his betrothed was a virgin or not, troubled him little. Youth, strong and vigorous, was alone worth anything; age was despised. When any one died, his body was buried hastily in a coffin of boards, and a dead pig was laid on the grave for his nourishment. Their character was hateful and cruel, without compassion for their equals, not even for their parents and relations. Thieves were slain, without regard to the value of the stolen property. Their weapons were unusually large: their bows were four feet long, their arrows one foot eight inches, pointed with a hard green stone, and poisoned.

This curious notice, which indirectly tells us somewhat of the Chinese who made the observations comprised in it, may be paralleled by accounts of other Tungusian tribes—the Mu-ky, who sometimes used their dead to bait their marten-traps—the Chy-goey, who employed, instead of written characters, small pieces of wood, which yielded significations varying with the way in which they were placed. In the latter tribe, widows belonged to their deceased husbands, and never re-married. The Khitan, a clan of the southern section of these Chy-goey, produced, in the ninth century, a hero named Apaokhi, who, availing himself of the internal disorder of China, founded the Khitanian Dynasty, which lasted for upwards of two hundred years, when it was overthrown by the Kiu, or Golden Dynasty, also founded by a Tungusian tribe, the Wild Nyudshi. The Mandshu trace their origin to this tribe.

On the whole, the work done in the world by these Tungusians may be stated to be the breeding of innumerable pigs, the slaughter of many wild beasts, and the founding of the three Chinese dynasties—Khitan, Kin, and Mandshu. Their vast hordes, adopting the religion and manners of China, have caused no juvenescence of that unchangeable country, analogous to the effect produced on France and Italy by their Teutonic invaders. China, says Plath, is China still. More may be said of the great Mongolian "folkstem" whereof the three branches are the East Mongols, the Kalmuks, and the Buryates, who live round Lake Baikal and in the southern part of the government of Irkutsk. Lazy and phlegmatic as are now the descendants of Tshingis-Khan's and Tamerlan's savage soldiery, sooner or later in Castrén's opinion, China and all Asia will find that every man among the Mongols is a warrior. It must however be remembered that they are now believers in Buddhism, which religion, like Christianity, inculcates peace.

Little is known of the early condition of this once terrible race, though we possess a history of the East Mongols written by a native author, one Sanang Setsen, which begins with the creation of the world, and though at the end of the twelfth century Raschid-eddin, the secretary of Ghasan Khan, composed the work on the peoples of Asia from which Abulghasi and other Mohammedan historians have drawn their information. If we fall back on the dry but trustworthy Chinese chronicles, we find the Hiongnu mentioned as a mighty people occupying the present Mongolia. But who were the Hiongnu? Turks, according to Deguignes, Klaproth, and Ritter (some of the few known words of their language are certainly Turkish), Mongols, according to the monk Hyacinth and Neumann. Castrén's belief is that the kingdom of the Hiongnu comprised not only Turks but Mandshu, Mongol, and Finnish tribes. Little indeed can be said about the early Mongols except that down to the time of Tshingis Khan, they lived chiefly in vassalage to the above-mentioned Tungusian dynasties of Khitan and Kin. Three of their clans grew powerful, and ultimately, united by Tshingis Khan with the Kelie—a Kalmuk tribe—became the core of the host that founded the vastest empire the world has ever seen.

The Kalmuks, besides the share they had in Tshingis Khan's victories, founded a pair of kingdoms on their own account. But the Buryates—about 150,000 souls—seem never to have played a part in history. They are, however, though nomadic, in possession of some degree of cultivation and comfort. Their religion is Buddhism, but they have Shamanists, Christians, and Mohammedans among them. Their current literature, like that of the other Mongolic stems, consists, according to Castrén, principally of translations of Indian and Tibetan works.

The valiant tribes of the Turks are next considered, as well as the legends in which their Mohammedan historians have hidden the truth. The Turks appear early in the Chinese chronicles, first as Khin nyü, then as Khian yün, and lastly as Khiong nu or Hiong nu. They seem to have been a race of equestrian nomads, leading their wild and warlike life to the north and north-west of China. They hunted, bred cattle, and occasionally made forays on the Chinese, in consequence of which the celebrated wall was built. Their weapons were swords, bows and arrows. They charged in crowds, with a terrible shout, and sought to entangle their foes with lassos and nets. Youth, gallantry, and the art of war were alone revered. At meal-time the young heroes had the dainties. Parents contented themselves with the crumbs which their sons had left behind them. Their meat was cooked by using it as a temporary saddle. They never donned more than a single garment, which they wore till it dropped off their bodies. They never washed themselves, for it was, says Castrén, and is still, to some extent, a popular belief in the Asiatic highlands, that the gods do not like washing, but punish with thunder and lightning the sinful tendency to bodily cleanliness. It may be observed here, that the Tudas, a Dravidian tribe in the Nilgherries, have a precisely similar practice as regards their clothing; and in respect to ablutions, they seem to entertain a belief identical with that of the cognate Hiongnu.

It is not our intention to trace the wars of these Hiongnu with the Chinese, which occasioned what were probably the first instances of State-marriages—the pacific Chinese Emperors frequently sending their princesses to the barbarous Chenyus. Nor can we even mention the names of the crowd of petty kingdoms founded by Turkish tribes. Of more general interest is the following saga concerning the origin of the *Tukiu*, which, according to Klapproth, is a Chinese transcription of *Türk*—

When the kingdom of the Hiongnu had fallen, the remaining hordes were driven by the Chinese to the shores of the Sihai, i.e. the Western Sea (Balkash), but not even here could they settle in peace. Their enemies would give them no rest till the race that had caused them so many afflictions should have been completely extirpated. According to a Chinese tradition, of the people once so mighty, there was left but one boy, who had saved himself in a marsh, though his hands and feet had been cut off. Here he was nursed and suckled by a she-wolf, till both, by some superior power were transported to a mountain north-west of the Ugours. Here they entered a cavern and passed through it into a fertile valley, 20,000 miles in circumference. The she-wolf now brought forth ten cubs, who grew up to be warriors, robbed wives for themselves, and propagated their race. At their head stood Assena or Tsena (Wolf) and in his time the wolf-race consisted of 500 persons, who bore as their banner the head of a wolf. Their valley was soon too narrow for them. They found themselves forced to leave it, and dispersed into the gorges of the Kin-shan, or Golden Mountain, i.e., the Altai. They settled at the foot of a mountain resembling a helmet, which in their language is called *tukiu*. Consequently the people called themselves *Tukiu*.

Theophanes' account of the embassy sent by Justin II. to Mukan, the then Khan of these Turks, proves that, notwithstanding their adherence to nomadism, they had attained to some degree of cultivation. As to their religion, we find from Chinese sources that they worshipped fire, air, water, and earth; but that they honoured one deity in particular, regarding him as Creator of the world, and sacrificing to him horses, cattle, and sheep. They also made offerings to the manes of their fathers. But the most interesting of the Turkish races is the Ugour, who had, according to the Chinese, as early as A.D. 478, a literature and "barbaric" characters peculiar to themselves. There has been much learned discussion as to the origin of these characters. The Ugours subsequently certainly used the Syriac alphabet, which they received from the Nestorian missionaries. But the Nestorian sect had arisen so short a time previous to 478, that Castrén does not believe they had then brought their alphabet to the Ugours, and prefers to consider the barbaric characters in question as representatives of a totally lost system of writing once possessed by all the Turkish races. "In many localities," he says, "inhabited by Turks, inscriptions in unknown characters occur on rocks and stones."

We might go on to fill many more of our columns with Castrén's curious details and thoughtful observations; but hereof, as Lord Coke would have said, this little taste shall suffice. We may mention, however, that he proceeds to treat of the Samoyedes, Jenissei-Ostyaks, and Finns, the last being subdivided into—1, Ugrian Finns—Ostyaks, Voguls, and Hungarians; 2, the tribes of the Volga—Cheremisses and Mordvins; 3, the Permian stem—Permians, Syryäns, and Votyaks; and 4, the European Finnish stem, including the inhabitants of Lapland, Finland, Esthonia, and Livonia; and his book concludes with two singular collections of popular tales, Samoyedan stories and Tatar heroic traditions.

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